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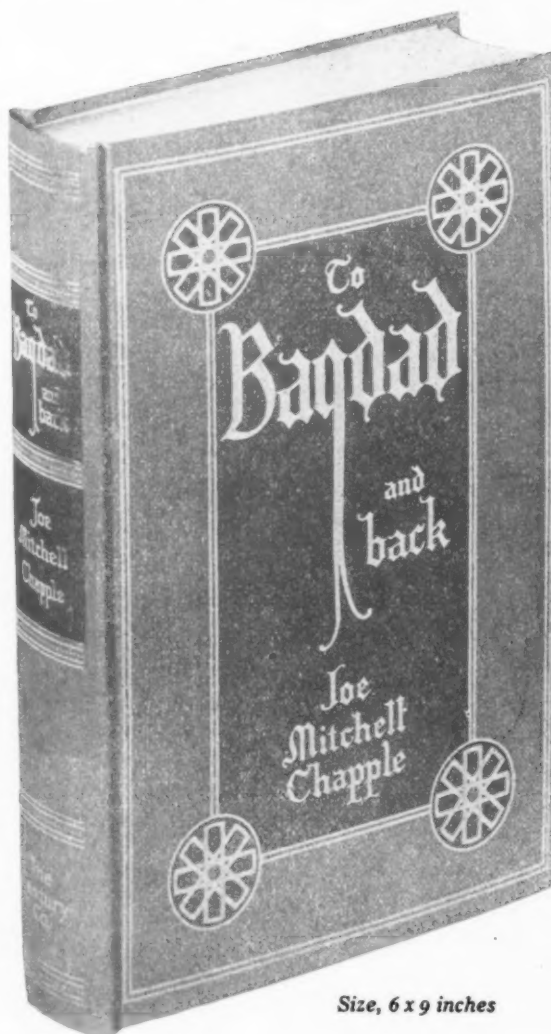
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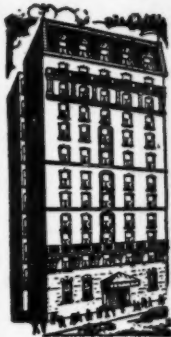
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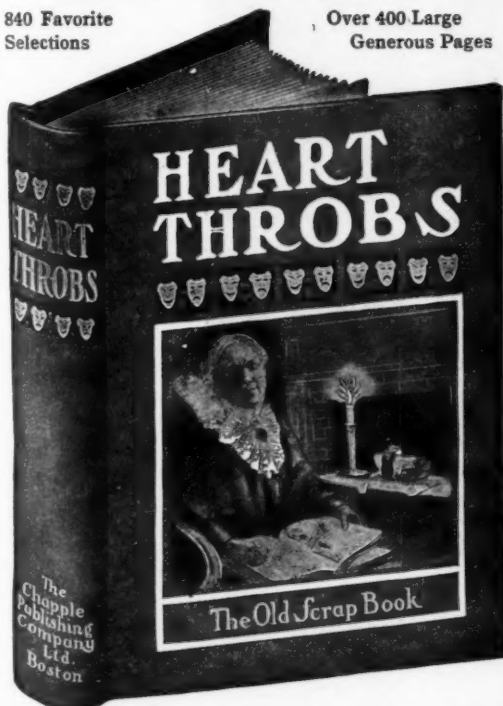
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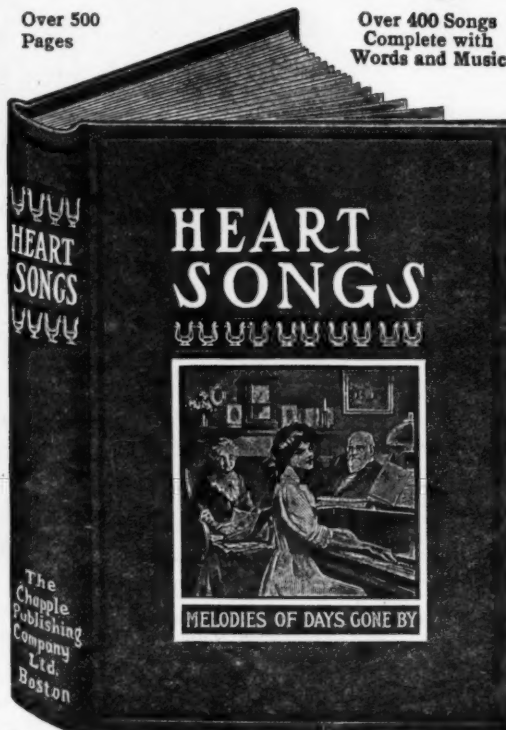
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Volume LVI

JUNE, 1928

New Series No. 10

# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



FROM the president to the schoolboys and girls of America, including people in every section of the country and all walks of life, has come an overwhelming evidence of real patriotism. The historic old frigate "Constitution" is being saved and restored to make a notable cruise of peace extending to nearly all the seaports of America, up the Mississippi River to St. Louis and on to the Ohio to say nothing of plowing the waters of the Great Lakes in the wake of Perry's ships. The fund has been supplemented through the purchase of the reproductions of Gordon Grant's famous painting of "Old Ironsides" which was authorized by an act of Congress to raise funds to restore the world's most famous historic ship and a sale of souvenirs made from the timbers and iron of the craft.

President Coolidge purchased the first of the reproductions of the painting from the Secretary of the Navy, Wilbur. Other pictures of the gallant old frigate are being distributed in thousands of homes



"Old Ironsides" under full sail



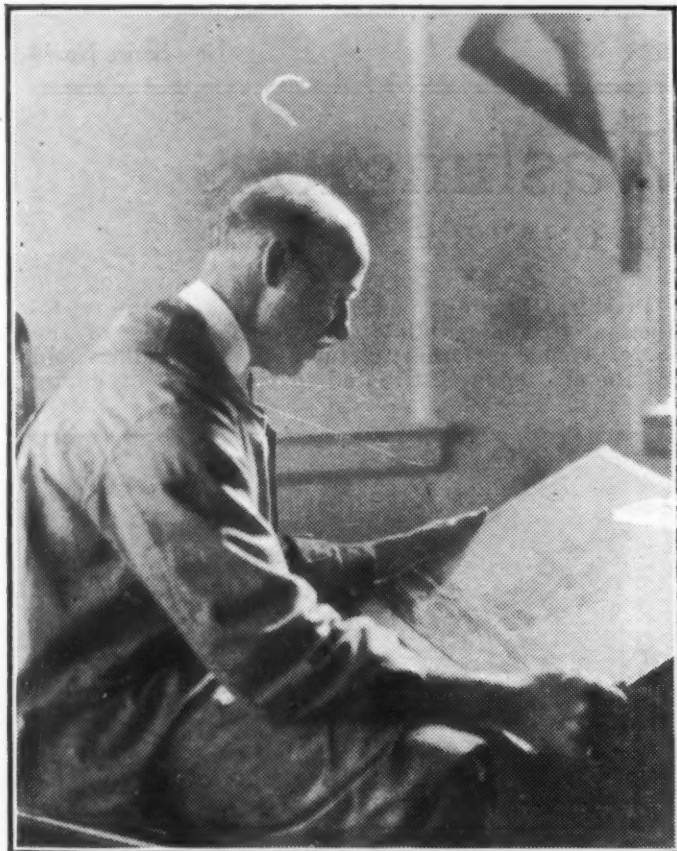
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Mrs. Ogden Mills wife of the undersecretary of the Treasury

and schools all over the country. The original of the painting is to be hung in the White House and a copy of this stirring bit of art is to be seen in nearly a million homes, offices, and schools, an eloquent proof of the patriotism that endures generation after generation.

Under the direction of Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the Navy Yard, Boston, the campaign to save "Old Ironsides" is proceeding vigorously. The fund has been largely built up by the people to whom is endeared the old vessel. This restoration in itself is one of the most remarkable achievements that has ever been made in the history of shipbuilding—without a precedent. A large proportion of the original "knees" and timbers has already been preserved. The corroded copper rivets provided by Paul Revere long after he made his famous ride to Lexington are being supplanted by new copper bolts. The ship is being rebuilt in such a way that it will not require

another "S. O. S." campaign to keep it in repair because of modern methods of preserving timber. The keel of "Old Ironsides" was laid in 1794—then the wonder ship, the Leviathan, of her time—launched on Washington's birthday, 1797, from Constitution Wharf, in Boston. The live oak of the staunch old hull came from Maine, South Carolina, and Georgia—a composite of the best material that could be secured within the boundaries of the then young republic.



*Gordon Grant, the artist who painted the picture of "Old Ironsides" under full sail*

**H**ISTORIANS have agreed that "Old Ironsides" with her forty-two successful engagements, never knowing defeat, made the Declaration of Independence an established fact. After the Revolution the Mohammedan rulers along the North African coast made the commerce of all nations their common prey. American shipping in the Mediterranean suffered almost to the point of extermination. It was John Paul Jones who urged the passage of the bill enacted by Congress in 1794 which provided an appropriation of \$300,000 for the "Constitution"—somewhat less than a battleship of today! Of the three ships built under this act the "Constitution" constructed by Claghorn & Hartley is the only one of the three surviving. She was longer and broader and higher out of the water than most of the frigates of her time, carrying four hundred seventy-five officers and men and proved a sailing speed of twelve and a half knots an hour. Truly an American ship, "Old Ironsides" was built of live oak—which had never been used before in ship building—red cedar, white oak, pitch pine, and locust taken from forests extending along the entire American coast from Maine to Georgia. The seven-inch oak was the armorplate that resisted the British guns later. Betsy Ross, who made the first flag of stars and stripes, furnished the colors that floated proudly astern on the day the "Constitution" was launched.

**W**HEN Trader Horn was in Washington there was something of an ovation given him when he visited the Capitol. While here he was queried concerning his sensations when Dunninger, the stage mind-reader, met him and performed some of his usual tests. The author, whose book was a literary sensation, had little to say on this subject. He stroked his beard, and reflectively remarked, "If mind-reading were a perfected science, what would happen to statesmen and



*Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, who is raising the funds for restoring "Old Ironsides"*

authors who are supposed to interpret the mystical and inexpressible thoughts of the people and return them to the public, making them feel that they are their very own? It is the sense of partnership inspired that draws an author or a statesman closer to his reader or constituent." Three or four grim jokers emerged from the cloakroom of the House as the mind-reader, Dunninger, passed. They stopped him and shook hands cordially. When Congressman Fred Brittain of Chicago inquired "If I could gather together an audience of one hundred of my troublesome constituents, could you read their minds collectively and individually, so I would know just what sort of bricks or bouquets to throw in that direction," the dark eyes of the mind-reader twinkled as he replied, "Political thought is an unintelligible hieroglyphic."

\* \* \*

**T**HE senatorial investigation of the expenses of presidential candidates has been one of the most exciting preludes that has ever occurred in a presidential campaign. It has revealed that the high cost of running for office has more than kept pace with the high cost of living. The primaries have added a tax upon elections that may result in doubling the general poll tax. The Senate Committee have been alert and have brought out some interesting facts that give the



humble average voter an idea of what it costs to get into action and to express his sovereign right and will as the ruler of the republic. Naturally, comparisons

were proceeding with hammer and saw and all the skill of the shipbuilders craft to "save the ship" in order that the old "Constitution" may again proudly



Trader Horn and the mind reader,  
Professor Dunninger



The opening of a crater geyser in  
Yellowstone Park



President Coolidge purchasing a reproduction  
of the painting of "Old Ironsides" from  
Secretary of Navy Wilbur

are odious, when it refers to the other candidate. Political prophets are all at sea, and the wise ones are looking for a dark horse at Kansas City. The enthusiastic followers of Al Smith feel that he has hurdled all obstacles, unless an investigation bomb should upset all calculations made as to the votes the governor of New York will receive on the first ballot as the Democrat nominee for president in 1928.

\* \* \*

EVERYWHERE in the Boston Navy Yard there seems to be an attitude of reverence toward "Old Ironsides." The appeal of the old frigate is akin to that felt for a living, breathing personality. "All the world loves a lover" and—the picture of a ship—which even shares honors with women worshipped and adored. We say "she" when speaking of a ship and all mankind thinks her as something deserving the gallant attention due the fair sex.

Tourists were then looking at the workmen who

"float her ensign" as a symbol of American heroism and valor.

When Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh sought a retreat from the maddening throng during his first visit to Boston, he found it at the Navy Yard with Admiral Andrews. When he had inspected the work on the ship, he insisted upon making his own personal contribution and wrote a check on the spot. There were few scenes that he has looked upon that stirred the "Lone Eagle" more than the sight of the "Old Constitution" coming back as a beacon light "two if by sea,



Harris & Ewing

Luy and Viola Davila little daughters of the Chilean  
Ambassador and Madame Davila



Fred Stone and his family—all singing

one if by land," and it may be that Lindbergh will add "three if by air" to the signal used in the old North Church that gave the warning to Paul Revere. "Three if by air" may become a warning in the matter of a national defense.

\* \* \*

THERE is one activity of the navy that has not called upon Congress for funds. Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, at the Boston Navy Yard, has made a remarkable record in increasing the "Old Ironsides" fund



from \$52,000 to \$530,000 and is now on the home-stretch for the \$750,000 required to bring "Old Ironsides" back to the people. Now that the goal is in sight, it will be a great calamity not to complete the work and make the reply to the "S. O. S." one of a real



*Herr Frederick Wilhelm von Prittwitz newly appointed Ambassador of Germany*

rescue. It was fortunate that the task of restoring "Old Ironsides" should come to Rear-Admiral Philip Andrews. Appointed to the Naval Academy from his native city of New York in 1886, he has been one of the most active men in the navy. He served on the "Bennington" during the Spanish-American War and was on duty with the General Board in the Navy Department at Washington. As aide to Secretary of the Navy Von L. Meyer during the Roosevelt administration, I have seen him here, there and everywhere in the department, working early to carry on plans in a vigorous capable manner. His experience covers about every sort of a responsibility in the Navy Department, including some in the Bureau of Navigation, War College at Newport, Naval Training Stations to commander of naval forces in the Mediterranean and the famous ships "Maryland" and "Montana" and "Mississippi." From a cruise in command of our European squadron as Vice Admiral he was appointed commandant of the first Naval District and came to the Boston Navy Yard and among other things took up the restoration of the "Constitution," with little or no outside help, and has made it a real achievement. Rear-Admiral Philip Andrews bears his naval honors modestly and has always been ready to respond to every civic call or responsibility that is assigned to him, that looks toward the betterment of our citizenship.

\* \* \*

UP to the year 1812 the British and French privateers preyed upon American commerce so that the United States was not entirely a free nation on sea as well as land, until the "Constitution," with forty-two victories, lead the conquering frigates which estab-

lished the rights of the United States of America on the high seas.

It was on August 19th, 1812 that the "Constitution" won her great victory. Captain Isaac Hull had sailed from Boston without permission of the Navy Department and knew that he must win "survive or perish." The sturdy craft handled by able seamen proved her worth. It was in 1834, forty years after her keel was laid that the "Constitution" was selected as the first to enter the new dry dock at Charlestown Navy Yard during the administration of Martin VanBuren. Many things had happened in these forty years. The figure-head of Hercules at the prow had been changed to a single star and a scroll, giving it the dignity of his namesake. On the bridge of the vessel entering the dry dock was Admiral Isaac Hull who commanded the fighting frigate when she won her great naval victory. She is now being restored in that same dry dock for a new era of existence representing the glory and traditions of the American Navy.

\* \* \*

TIME is the only antagonist that ever made inroads upon "Old Ironsides" and it looks as if even in this immutable test the gallant ship "Constitution" will not be defeated. Some of the old timbers have rotted away, but the salt water she sailed in over the seven seas has served to save over thirty percent of the hull beneath the water-line.

Lovingly did I pat the old timbers, as Lieut. John A. Lord looked on with admiring gaze on every screw and nut preserved as precious gold in the store houses. He hails from Bath, Maine, where in early childhood he worked with men who built the famous clipper ships and looked upon every craft they built as a part of their human selves.



*Madame von Prittwitz wife of the newly appointed Ambassador of Germany*

ONE of the favorite actors in Washington for many years has been Fred Stone. Since his family have been growing up and appearing with him, his popularity has been enhanced. A photograph taken of Mr. and Mrs. Stone and their three daughters singing has

been a suggestion to some of the political candidates as to an animated campaign portrait. During the autumn the Stone family will appear in New York with the two daughters, Dorothy and Paula. Little Carol, the youngest, will carol as well as dance with her father in later years. They just call him "Lucky Fred Stone" and there never was a home among stage folks that is enhaloed with more love and happiness. The three beautiful daughters have been like three healthy lusty sons to their father, as companions and help-mates. They play with him, go hunting with him, ride with him, and work with him, while to the mother, Allene Crater, they are just the sweetest little women-daughters that a mother was ever blessed with. Seeing the Stone family in a play is just like dropping in at their home of an evening and having a good visit.

\* \* \*

THE Radio Commission is still trying to straighten out the broadcasting tangle, but broadcasting is far from being the only trouble to worry the Commission. Commercial radio agencies are now asking for permits to use short waves for message transmission, and two large corporations are already working on a plan to establish a domestic distribution system to serve as an outlet for international radio service. The one thing they have decided upon is that existing satisfactory service shall not be duplicated. They are seeing to it that the old trouble of railroads paralleling each other shall not be repeated in the development of the radio service. In the meantime, everybody is listening in, looking forward to the full and complete account of the political conventions that will be dis-



Mrs. Dwight F. Davis wife of the Secretary of War

tributed with a radio coverage for the whole world that has never been surpassed.

An extensive network to include more than 70 stations will carry the convention broadcast to every section of the United States. The National Broadcasting Company will utilize more than 10,000 miles of special radio telephone circuits including two transcontinental lines in carrying the proceedings to broadcasting sta-

tions from coast to coast and border to border. Short wave broadcasts from Station KDKA in Pittsburgh and Station WGY in Schenectady will make the American political events available to radio listeners in South America, Europe, Asia, Australia and New Zealand.



Countess de Berlanga de Duero

The special equipment make it possible for listeners to hear every phase of the convention. A special pick-up panel will be installed in the convention halls. Microphones on the convention platforms will catch the speeches. Another group of microphones will be used to broadcast the band music. Still other microphones will be placed at advantageous positions to pick up the mass murmurs and roars and the colorful sound picture of the assemblies.

\* \* \*

IF you or I were a retiring officer of any organization or lodge, could you conceive of any memento more to be cherished than a gavel made from the sturdy oak of the "Constitution?" On the day I was there, Admiral Philip Andrews received a \$25 check for a gavel to be sent to Venezuela, accompanied by a letter that glowed with patriotic appreciation of the Americans in South America, whose independence was also in a large way a result of the victories of the "Constitution" in clearing the seas from marauding privateers and invading pirates of the east.

How the millions of boys and girls from the schools of America in 1928 would prize the mementos, if presented to them on graduation day—relics of "Old Ironsides," in which they are given a part in helping to restore to peaceful seas. A picture of the old frigate with a souvenir of the ship that has been the subject of more school orations than any other vessel that ever sailed, would be an appreciated memento of graduation day, if some generously-minded, public-spirited citizen in every city, town, village and hamlet would see that it is done. In after years these trophies would continue to mutely tell a story, day by day, of a treasure that increases in value with the years.



THE adjournment of Congress means a hurry and bustle among senators and representatives and their families preparing to return home for the summer and be ready for the great quadrennial drama of political life—presidential election. The woman vote in a national campaign nowadays is a vital factor. The wives of congressmen are proving real helpmates in rallying constituents for hard-fought contests in their own quiet way. Mrs. George R. Stobbs, wife of Representative Stobbs of Massachusetts, has made her home at the Mayflower



*Mrs. George R. Stobbs, wife of Representative Stobbs*

Hotel, in Washington, but will spend much of her time this summer in the home city of Worcester, Mass., where she is associated with the activities that are usually connected with the career of a congressman. The Massachusetts women are becoming quite active in political affairs in these later days.

IN the corridors of the Mayflower when the children gather for a party, they attract even more attention than when their elders arrive in formal evening dress. The two children of the Chilean Ambassador and Madame Davila, Luy and Violet in their dainty attire for the playtime, made one think that after all children are just children the world over and they played with the same little red wagons and dolls used everywhere. They suggested their Spanish forbears in their genteel mannerisms revealing the inborn traits of the old Spain which has left its impress not only upon South America, but upon our own United States as the "Motherland of Discovery."

THE new German Ambassador, Herr Friedrich Wilhelm von Prittwitz and his charming wife, is vigorously following up the splendid work of Baron von Maltzan, his predecessor. The late Ambassador of Germany, who was tragically killed in an airplane accident while on a vacation in the Fatherland, did much to re-establish amicable relations for his country, not only with the United States but was very popular with the representa-

tives of all the other nations in Washington. Trips to Florida and the West had enabled him to begin a thorough study of the conditions in the United States. In this, Ambassador von Prittwitz has carried on effectively and evidenced an unusual diplomatic ability in meeting every emergency in a practical and efficient way.

AS Secretary of War—Honorable Dwight F. Davis, has made a record most creditable and one that has popularized him in army circles. The Constitution provides that a civilian must serve as a Secretary of War, but prior to his appointment Secretary Davis had had some military experience as a lieutenant-colonel in the Fifth Missouri Infantry, and was made a full-fledged colonel in the O. R. C. in 1923. He is also an active member of the American Legion. Five years after his graduation from Harvard in 1900, he married Helen Brooks of Boston, and four children are counted the real treasures of their lives. Mrs. Dwight Davis has been very active in social matters connected with the Cabinet of the President and with Mrs. James J. Davis, wife of the Secretary of Labor, gives a special distinction to the good old Welsh name in official Washington.

THE Under Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Ogden Mills, has given a most efficient administration to the newly created office. His addresses over the radio have brightened the sombre shadows of the Treasury Building and made it seem a part of the home bank. His talk on the Liberty Bonds and other matters have been a feature of Secretary Mellon's administration that has made the people feel that they have a real financier in charge of fiduciary matters in Washington. Mrs. Ogden Mills has charmingly supplemented the work of her distinguished husband in social circles in a way suggestive of the banker's wife in the home town, who keeps in touch with the affairs of the patrons of the bank.

WHILE fashions have foreshadowed a process of elimination in woman's attire, reaching out for a simplicity that suggests Grecian mantles, there remains the fascination of the mantilla. The decorative effect of all this indicates that lace will never go out of fashion, as long as women seek to adorn themselves according to their own instincts, irrespective of passing fads. Bobbed hair makes it necessary to provide extra scaffolding to wear the attractive headdress associated with the charms of Spanish attire.—Countess de Berlanga de Duero, wife of one of the attaches of the Spanish Embassy who lives at the Mayower, in Washington, is now accounted one of the beautiful women among many that are identified with the diplomatic corps, and attired in the costume of her native land she presents a charming picture.

AS long as the National political conventions are to be held in the Mid-West and the South, Kansas City and Houston will attract many of the senators and members of Congress for a pleasure trip visiting the National Parks for which they have appropriated liberal sums. Yellowstone Park, with its animation of nature, its spouting geysers and wide open mouthed craters, to say nothing of domesticated wild animals is proving a popular point on the itinerary of many eastern congressmen who have never been west of the Hudson River. They were already purchasing ten-gallon hats and chaps and spurs in order to disguise all indications of being tenderfeet. If Congress would provide a free tour for every member who has served two terms as a reward of merit, irrespective of the favored ones on Committees enjoying junket tours, one cynic declares there would be more intelligent voting on appropriations that apply to the beautification and utilization of the natural wonders of America. Anyhow, it looks like a merry vacation time once the gavel announces adjournment.



# Aye, Her "Tattered Ensign" Is Still Afloat!

*The old "Constitution" that fought forty-two battles and was never defeated is being saved and restored by the people—preparing for historic peace cruise of "Old Ironsides," the fighting frigate that made the Declaration of Independence a fact*

**W**HAT greater thrill than a cruise in the U. S. Frigate "Constitution," during reconstruction days. Not tourists afloat—but tourists a-dock. Up we climbed the precipitous ladder over the bulging sides of "Old Ironsides," and our first view when on board was the clean sweep of the upper deck from bow to stern, "cleared for action"—the work of rehabilitation, which has progressed ever since the early funds coming in from a patriotic, loyal, sentiment-loving people made it possible to gather the materials and recruit the old skilled shipbuilders for a task unprecedented.

Transported in a twinkling of history to the days of old when this old fighting frigate plowed the seas, playing its part in the stirring times that followed our advent as a new nation in the world, we heard "Eight bells" echo the "All's well" that cheered the sailor on watch.

Head high around the great deck was the oak rail that, even in its decaying condition, gave out the impression of great strength and stability.

Well, here we were, pacing the old deck of the famous frigate. Only for a moment could we imagine the tall masts standing stalwart from the deck, full of billowing sails; our escort, Lieutenant Lord, a suggestion of Commodore Preble, with a shadowy complement of four hundred and seventy-five men, surging across the Atlantic to trounce the Tripolitans for their nefarious demands of tribute—or the alternative enslavement of our citizens and destruction of our commerce.

This deck beneath our feet had sounded to the tread of hundreds of hardy sailors, fighting the good fight for freedom of the seas. The gun deck just below had boomed with the straight shooting of fifty-four guns, until the Dey signed a treaty of peace in the cabin of the "Constitution."

In another fleeting moment the shadowy scene of imagination was shifted to the rough waters off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the Constitution had proceeded from Boston to strike destruction to commerce and engage ships of the enemy in the War of 1812. It was the British frigate "Guerriere" that the lookout of the Constitution sighted and Captain Hull bore down upon her under full sail. Not until the two fighting frigates were broadside to each other did Captain Hull finally release his command to anxious gunners.

"Now, boys, pour it into them!"

The Guerriere fought bravely. Her gunners rained shot against the bulwark of the Constitution, but they seemed to only dent her sides and then fall harmlessly into the

ocean. This is the battle that gave the Constitution her pet name of "Old Ironsides."

"Hurrah, boys, her sides are made of iron!" shouted one of the sailors—and the exclamation was taken up by crew and commander.

Then we were brought to earth, or rather to deck again, from the flight of historic fancy, by the voice of Lieutenant Lord, who



was admonishing care as we arrived at an opening down the temporary stairway of which we were to land on the gun deck. Here were further scenes of activity. Great cedar logs for shoring were being placed preparatory to removing the old timbers of the ship for renewal.

It is a long, laborious and painstaking process. One timber at a time. In fact, this is the first time in history that a ship is being actually reconstructed bit by bit to save its utter collapse, even during the process of rehabilitation. It was like rebuilding the first story of a skyscraper.

But when we reached the spacious hull of the Constitution the work that has already been accomplished begins to show to an astounding degree. Tons of copper, rivetting the planks in the bottom; actuating a most beautiful copper-starred curve, swerve or something of that kind, to the

smooth contour of the side planking that makes the one viewing it exclaim in astonishing bewilderment that so smooth a job and so everlastingly desirable a job as this can be accomplished in the seeming confusion of the old hull.

Away down here was stored the 48,600 gallons of fresh water (not to mention the full rations of rum) and provisions for a six-months' cruise of four hundred and seventy-five officers and men. The forward and aft magazines were viewed and the great strength where the masts were stepped in. The Constitution was large, carried heavy guns, and built stronger than the frigates of other countries.

As we "stooped low" to traverse middle decks from bow to stern, to port and starboard, every step seemed to arouse new wonderment in the stability and steadiness of "Old Ironsides"—although so many of the timbers were now falling of their own weight from decay. The marvel is that this matter of rebuilding can be accomplished at all, but after that tour down in the hull, to the very keel foundation of the Constitution, the feats that have already been accomplished give ample assurance of the ultimate results of this great patriotic labor of love on the part of our navy backed with the necessary funds, from the voluntary contributions of a liberty-loving people. No taxation in this, just a cheerful, free-will offering, from which each contributor gets in return his thrill of individual ownership, with many, in the new-born Constitution.

Here in the old historic dry dock of Charlestown Navy Yard, actually as sound today as when it was built—from 1827 in John Quincy Adams' term to 1833—in Andrew Jackson's term—"Old Ironsides" of story fame, "Constitution" of naval record, is receiving its new birth.

Back in 1833, as the result of Oliver Wendell Holmes' stirring poem "Old Ironsides," this same Constitution entered this same dry dock, the first ship to enter it, by the way, and accomplished with considerable pomp and ceremony because of the duo celebration of the opening of the dry dock and the beginning of the work of the Constitution rehabilitation at that time.

On the quarter deck of "Old Ironsides" stood Captain Isaac Hull, now Admiral Hull, conqueror of the Guerriere, rich in national honors. She was reconditioned for many more years of service—her cruise around the world in 1844-45 in command of Captain John Percival was most remarkable, when in 495 days at sea she sailed 52,279 miles.

It is most enchanting of course, to prowl around the hull of "Old Ironsides" herself,

feeling the pulsing of loyal sentiment as your fancy flits through the annals of its accomplishment in contact with the naval heroes of our early history. Your eyes behold the many remarkable features of its sturdy construction; but outside, there is also a great work going on.

From the Portsmouth Navy Yard an ingenious ripsaw was procured and installed near the Constitution and also a planing

after he had in a very matter of fact manner informed the Secretary of War of that period that he could furnish them as "cheap as anyone." Three or four large original Paul Revere bolts are to be sold at a large price to help the fund.

Twelve to fifteen percent of the original ship will still be left after this rebuilding is finished. There will still be some of the live oak of the original construction and

mind when he declaimed, in answer to the demand of the Barbary states: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" And the fighting frigate backed him up in deeds.

The massive fighting top has been removed to the dock. Upon this stood the sharp-shooters of the early conflicts and helped turn the tide of battle by devastating

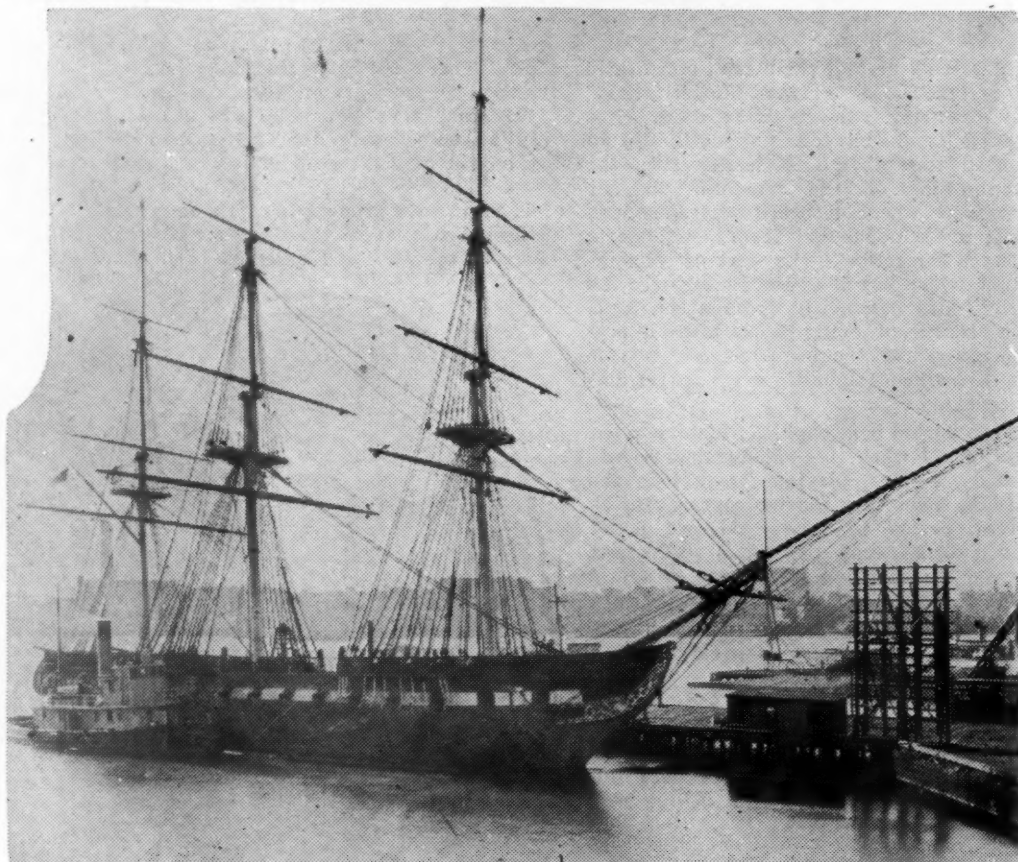
### Old Ironsides

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victors' tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,—  
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



The old Constitution lying in her berth at the Charlestown Navy Yard

mill brought on from Bath, Maine, that handles the long, heavy timbers, just as in the old days when the wooden ships building in the United States led the whole world in speed, capacity of cargo and comfortable sailing.

The entire work has progressed to a remarkable degree, especially when the matter of necessary preparation and procurement of materials is taken into consideration. For instance, the new live oak going in to replace some of the decaying timbers is more lavishly used than in the original Constitution. There is a great factor of safety necessarily being sought in the renewal of the Constitution. The live oak has come up from Pensacola Bay, Florida, where it has lain submerged for seventy-five years—the very timber best suited for use in parts of the work. Douglass pine from the Pacific Coast is being used in the massive timbers. Fifteen tons of copper in the form of great rivets have already been used and it will take more than that amount additional.

Paul Revere, it is recorded, furnished the original copper rivets for the Constitution

"knees"—(half angled root and half massive trunk of some stalwart tree)—left in the Constitution after this latest and most thorough rehabilitation. But the average person will never see it, because it is deep down in the hold.

There is some consolation, however, left in the thought that the old timbers, the old copper, the old zinc from the powder magazine and everything being taken out for renewal is being made into souvenirs for those who wish to retain a patriotic reminder of the heroic ship of forty-two battles with no defeat. The work of rehabilitation will be completed after \$250,000 more is raised through the sale of these souvenirs and pictures of the wonderful painting of the Constitution by Gordon Grant. This artist with his master stroke has merged the majestic grandeur of full-rigged power with the atmosphere of everlasting wind and wave of ocean—vivid rendition of the actual, and further—the greatest symbol of our navy's pride and hope.

We can verily hear the clarion call of the patriotic statesman, who no doubt had the fighting strength of the Constitution in

fire directed downward on the deck of the enemy ships. In the battle between the Java and Constitution, then answering to the command of Commodore William Bainbridge, the surrender of the Java was hastened by the deadly fire from this top by the Americans. Captain Lambert, of the British ship, fell, mortally wounded by a rifle ball and his successor was forced to give up his ship. The Java, too, was hopelessly wrecked in the conflict and was burned by Commodore Bainbridge, as the Guerriere had been destroyed by Captain Hull after he had completely demolished it in a half-hour's conflict.

What a galaxy of heroes in our naval history has been connected with the records of the Frigate Constitution,—Preble, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge! The latter had commanded the ill-fated Philadelphia when it went aground off Tripoli. He was a prisoner of the Barbarians for over a year and a half before the treaty of peace released him. He left the navy for a time after returning home, as he had to face a court of inquiry, by which he was acquitted. In 1811 he was placed in command of a squadron of three



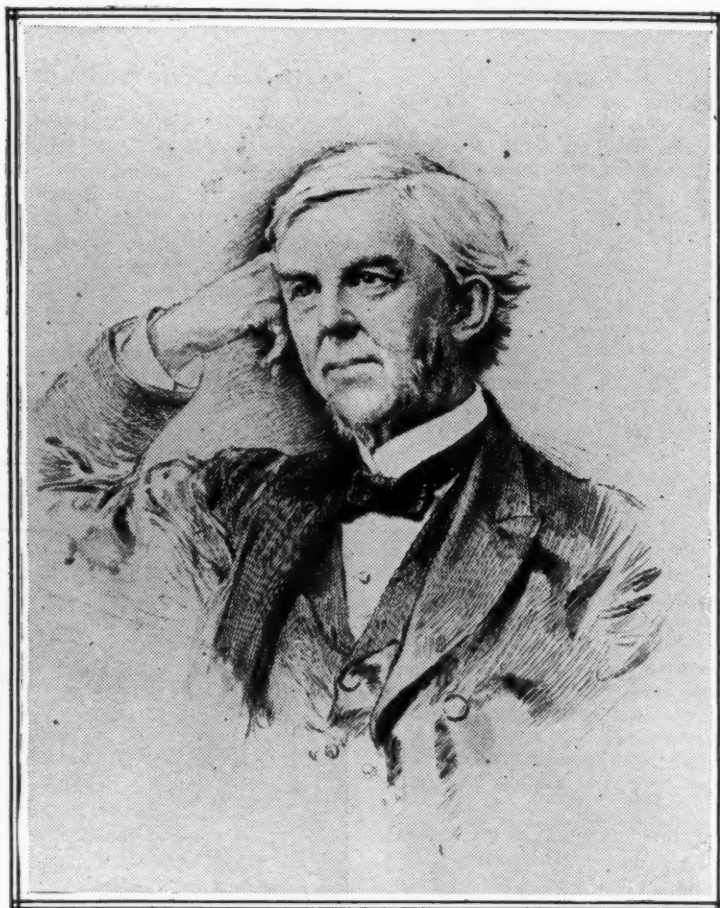
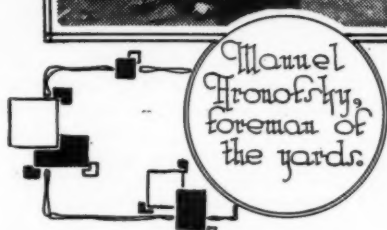
ships, including the Constitution, which was his flagship. It was while he was in command of this squadron that the fight with the Java occurred, in which the Constitution overpowered and afterwards burned the British frigate Java, off the coast of Brazil. Bainbridge was afterward given charge of the Boston Navy Yard, where he established the first naval school of the United States, in 1817.

The relics from the Constitution in stor-

age at the Navy Yard are priceless and are guarded with the greatest care. Many heirlooms of officers and men who served on the Constitution are being given by descendants. They will all be gathered in a museum to be installed on board.

The personnel of the men who are working on the reconstruction does a man's heart good. From the old shipyards of the coast have been gathered the "old timers," enough of them to fortify with skill every

step in the process. Seventy-five of them are taking a loyal and conscientious interest—under the immediate supervision of Lieutenant J. A. Lord—and the work proceeds with the same patriotic impulse as the building of a national or religious shrine. As the work goes forward let the proceeds of relic sales and pictures carry it to a happy and harmonious finish. This is the thought left uppermost in mind after a visit in the hallowed hull of "Old Ironsides."



"Fly, tear her tattered ensign down!"  
— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

#### "OLD IRONSIDES"

Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts,

The fund restoring "Old Ironsides" is being completed thru the sale of prints of Gordon Grant's painting in ten colors measuring 18 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 22 $\frac{3}{4}$  in., [miniature reproduction of which is shown on the cover of this magazine] at 50 cents each, and of souvenirs made of materials removed from the original hull of the famous frigate in the process of rebuilding. Approximately 800,000 "Old Ironsides" pictures have been sold. 700,000 more must be sold to complete the fund. Thousands of people have been reached with the subject matter of this patriotic drive; our desire is to reach everyone and to place an "Old Ironsides" picture in every American home.

It is estimated that \$745,000 will be required to restore the frigate Constitution from truck to keel, and to equip her as she looked at the height of her brilliant career. Over \$520,000 has been raised by popular subscription. Approximately \$137,000 has been spent in work on the ship, which has been in progress in the Navy Yard at Boston for nearly a year. About \$280,000 more is needed to carry work to successful completion.

Your help is needed to make this campaign a success. Restored by popular subscription, "Old Ironsides" will visit our ports once more, a beautiful reminder of the by-gone days of sail, and an invaluable inspiration to future generations. You will feel a closer interest in this, America's foremost relic, if you contribute to her preservation. Order your picture of "Old Ironsides" to-day!

Your attention is called to the souvenirs and detailed plans for building models of the Constitution for sale at various prices. A circular and further information will be sent upon request addressed to "Old Ironsides," Navy Yard, Boston, Massachusetts.

Help us repay the debt we owe this defender of our early liberty and rights as a nation; pass this information to your friends or send in the names of those who might be interested.

Very sincerely yours,

Philip Andrews,  
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Chairman.





# "What is the Source of Real Genius"

*This was asked of Mrs. M. H. Gulesian, the young composer-pianist, author of many captivating songs—Her "House by the side of the road" is frequently heard on the radio—other songs include—"The Tom Cat," a setting for verses by Don Marquis*

By EDNA A. FOSTER

IS this the source of your inspiration?" I asked that as I sat with Mrs. Gulesian in her sequestered, formal garden at Falmouth. Roses climbed along the brick wall; the fountain dripped musically, and just beyond the waves broke at the very foot of the lawn.

"No; melody comes when least expected, even when commonplaces claim the attention; but once you hear it, the rules of harmony must be reckoned with; one must know what to do with the intriguing strain."

Then I thought of the really hard work that the composer-pianist had done to acquire her art of translating her fancies into manuscript form, for Mrs. Gulesian is a thorough musician.

Before her marriage she was Grace Warner of Brookline; her father was Henry Warner of an old English and Scotch line; her mother, English and Spanish and an artist of ability. As a young girl Mrs. Gulesian sold her compositions to such magazines as the *Youth's Companion* and the Sunday editions; she won honors in several recitals, attracting the attention and favorable criticism of Philip Hale, Olin Downs and Louis Elson. From the first it was apparent that she possessed musical feeling, intelligence and virile facility in brilliant passages. Later she played in New York, the Middle West and Europe.

Being a prominent member of the Professional Women's Club, the MacDowell, Chromatic and Quota clubs, she has directed many musical productions. Her music for the plays "Club Sandwich," "Why Not" and "Honeymoon 2000," as well as her dance music, has been played at the "Pops" and in New York cafes.

Sometime after her marriage to M. H. Gulesian, she became impressed with the adventure and romance of her husband's life from the time he made his way to America as a young boy. Together they prepared the play "The Immigrant," which depicted many scenes in Mr. Gulesian's successful life, and then they staged and produced the drama, selected the cast and designed the scenery. The play had a successful opening at the Wilbur and ran in New York for over one hundred nights.

"How is it," I asked, "that the song, 'The House By the side of the Road,' has become so popular?" For I had found that many of the composer's other songs, "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," the "Brittanny Love Song," and "Glimpses" held for me a haunting quality.

"It is the universal appeal in the words of Sam Walter Foss," she replied. "I must divide my honors with that beloved poet of the heart; everyone appreciates one who is a 'friend to man.'"

The very best is now to be said. In all her busy hours, in her social life, and in her public work, Mrs. Gulesian finds time to help those who are just approaching the first rung of the ladder which she has climbed with such apparent ease. She spends a great deal of time helping the struggler over hard places, creating opportunities for advancement and giving most gracious words of encouragement



Grace Warner Gulesian

and advice. Many have given their initial performances in her lovely home on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. Gulesian believes that American composers have an advantage in their contact with different nationalities that bring to us their natural inherited genius.

When Mrs. Gulesian was asked if she always tried to have the public in mind when writing, she said, "I think over the setting of my melody very seriously and I try to determine what emotions the song will evoke, whether joy or sorrow, peace or exuberance."

The interview was an interesting one, but I came no nearer to learning the source of genius, and I am still wondering if that source will ever be found.

An interesting miracle has been performed by Mrs. Gulesian in her new song. Through her musical interpretation we are deeply impressed with His Highness the Tom Cat; we find ourselves respecting his noble lineage, his primordial characteristics.

Down through the ages the cat has typified a commonplace and humble personality; its

one great privilege has been that of looking at the King. Seemingly, the King was indifferent, even unaware of the cat's scrutiny, so insignificant was such an onlooker in a King's life. But in this modern age many of low degree have been exalted; beauty has been discovered in sordid surroundings. We now look at the cat—and even listen—through the skillful arrangement of note and scale.

To the popular poet, Don Marquis, we must give the honor of being the first to bring Tom out of oblivion, for by his published verses he called the composer's attention to the dual personality of felines. The lines have been read and enjoyed by a wide public; now Mrs. Gulesian has gone a step further; she has musically interpreted the verses and the yowls and wails of the back alley have been given a place in the concert room.

In minor chords and in the fashionable modern dissonance she has adequately expressed all the weird, tiger stirrings in the breast of a hitherto misunderstood nature, suggested by Don Marquis's lines,—

"Beast from a world primeval

He and his leaping clan

When the blotched red moon leers over the roofs

Give voice to their scorn of man."

Mrs. Gulesian has allowed the Tom Cat to steal through octaves of melody, showing the moments when he is half demon, as he recalls his nine incarnations. You sympathize with him when he become atavistic and you catch the fragrance of a jungle night; with him you seem to prowl through shadows and watch for some fierce, unforgettable struggle.

And then, out of the maze of sound there steals a sweeter strain and you vision the daytime cat,—sated with dainties, indifferent to the official or loving hand-stroke,—another being lying supine upon the parlor rug.

On their acceptance of the song, the Ditson Company wrote, "We have tied your Tom Cat to our back fence and we hope that his yowls will be heard around the world."

If that hope is not realized in full, at least the cat is removed from the King's keyhole and he will sit pretty on the concert stage where the King may deign to return his glances.

Interviewing Mrs. Gulesian regarding her several new compositions, she cited the amusing fact that she had never owned a cat and that she had never seen any in her immediate neighborhood, but since the publication of the song, cats had appeared from everywhere. They come to sun themselves on her porch; they skulk across the driveway at her approach and at night they sing mysterious things under her window. She is wondering if she has called forth these entities from some feline cosmos or if the word has been passed

Continued on page 472

# A New Idea in the Education of Women

*First College of its kind in America—What Mary Lyons was to Academic Teaching,  
Mrs. Roger Babson is to Business Teaching for Women*

THERE seems to be something about Florida that stimulates new ideas.

It is a great experimental station for inventions. In my first tour of the first Lake Region of Florida years ago I was often reminded of New England and felt that the environment suggested Wellesley and Holyoke and the surroundings of many of the other leading educational institutions for girls that have played such an important part in the lives of American women. Arriving at Babson Park last winter I found that the idea had already taken root and was being developed by no less a person than the wife of Mr. Roger W. Babson and his daughter, Mrs. Webber, in the establishment of a school for the education of girls, fitting them for the increasing business responsibilities that are coming to women in these practical days. While there were only a few students for the first year, it was evident from the bright group of young ladies assembled that a substantial beginning had been made. They gathered in the Casino and listened to lectures and addresses with an intentness that indicated sincere purpose, for many of them realized that in a few years they would have to do for themselves what fathers, brothers, trustees or guardians had been doing for them in business transactions. They already knew how to make out a check and keep watch of the deposits at the bank, as well as to express and form their own ideas in

women in the commercial life of the country.

At the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Babson at Mountain Lake, I found the lady

On January, 1928, Babson Park, Florida, witnessed an event which will go down into history as an important factor in the education of women when Webber College



Administration Building of Webber College, Babson Park

of the house deeply absorbed in the work of the new institution. From Mr. Winston L. Webber I obtained a general survey of the plans and purposes of Webber College

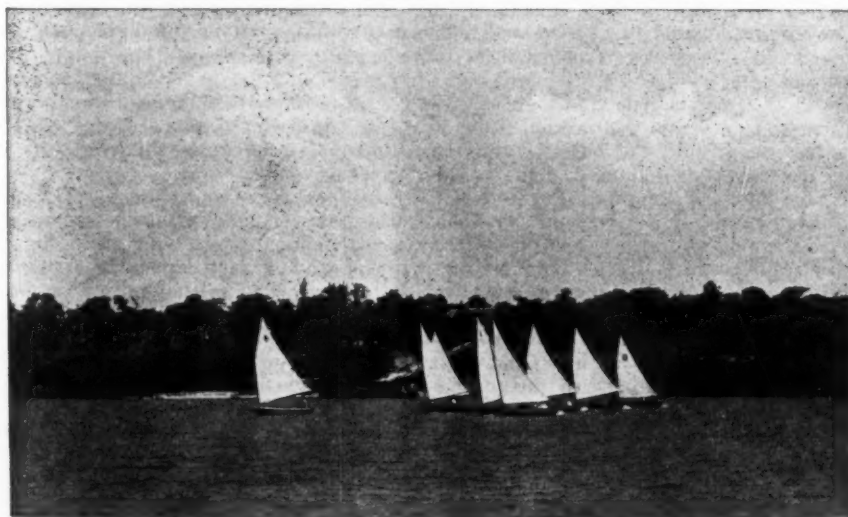
opened its doors. This institution was started by Mrs. Roger W. Babson, to do for women what the Babson Institute is doing so successfully for men. The work of the institution will be to train women in connection with business and investments.

*Webber College is something entirely unique in the history of education for women. It is as great a step today as was the founding of the first woman's college by Mary Lyon ninety years ago.* The president of the institution is Mr. Austin H. Fittz, who has been in charge of the Finance Department at Babson Institute.

\* \* \*

Many wonder why Florida has been selected for the location of this school, but Mrs. Babson states that this selection was made only after most careful study. Although New England is today a great center for colleges and other educational institutions, yet this is largely accidental. Other sections of the country, especially California and the South, are far more suited climatically for educational work.

The college is located in the famous Ridge Section known as the "New England of Florida," and where a small community has already been started, known as Babson Park, Florida. Here the girls are able to combine with their studies throughout the entire winter all sports such as golf, tennis, riding, boating, and swimming, thus developing the girls physically as well as mentally and spiritually.



Lake Caloosa at Babson Park—Eight miles long

regards to investments and individual situations. In other words, they were preparing for the responsibilities that have come with the more general participation of

which was named for his wife, who is the daughter of Roger Babson. In the concise Babsonic way, the curriculum of the school is covered in the following announcement:



It is said that this is the first school in the world organized under the educational and charitable laws to be operated without profit to teach women business. Furthermore, the short intensive course of less than four months and the intensive methods employed make it even more unique in connection with the education of women.

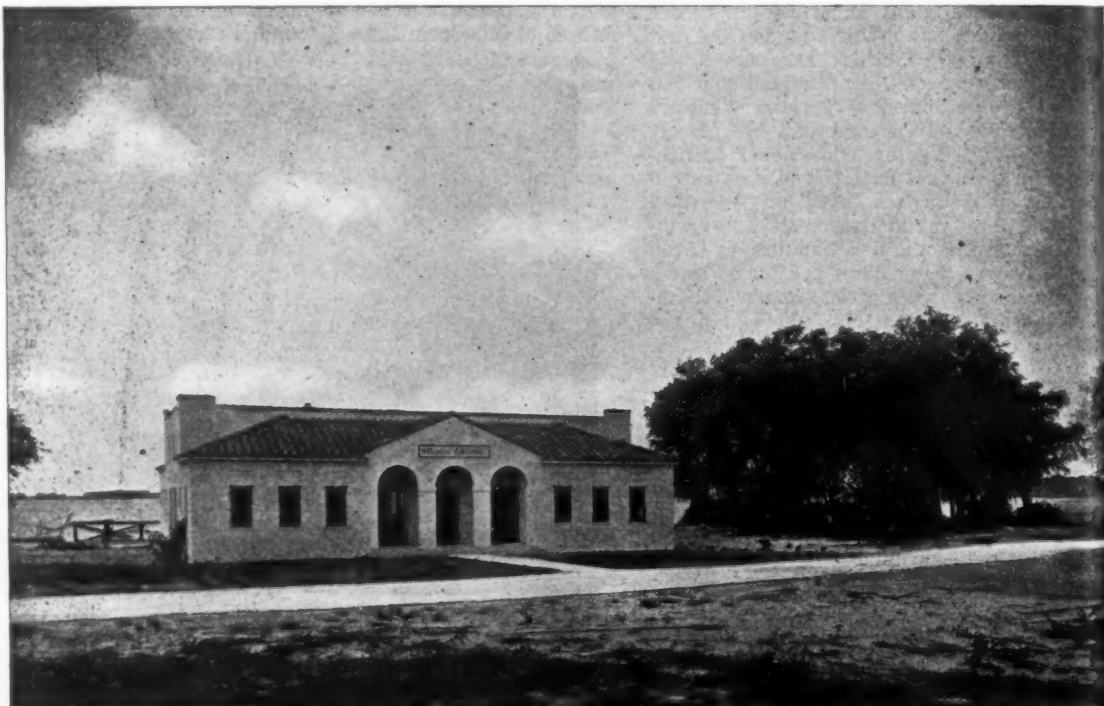
Webber College has no written entrance examination requirements, but limits its instruction to girls of mature age who have completed their cultural training and who are now ready for a more practical training in Business and Investment Principles.

can, however, handle successfully property for herself, her parents, or others. Although students are not taught shorthand, typewriting, or other ordinary business school subjects, they should be helped in getting executive positions as a result of Webber College work. Our purpose is to emphasize and impress upon students the fundamental principles involved in the operation of a business, together with the care and investing of money, and at the same time provide for the physical and spiritual welfare of the student. We believe that girls who are early inoculated with these foundation principles will by themselves

boarding house, of which there are a large number. This Fall Course is designed both to be a complete course in itself for those desiring to prepare for a business career and also to supplement the main course given in Florida; the two combining to form the Complete Course opening Monday, October 1, 1928, at Boston, and closing in April, 1929, at Babson Park, Florida, followed by a Home Reading Course in the Spring.

The Fall Course is devoted to training women in the Fundamentals of Business Management with especial reference to girls desiring to enter business on their own account.

Casino  
overlooking  
the lake



The College is organized to prepare young women for the responsibilities they will incur in inheriting or otherwise securing property, and to help them develop right habits of investigation that make for true business and investment success. Business education is not necessary in order to get money, because information can readily be purchased, but business habits are necessary and can be acquired only through training. Webber College gives its students such a training and enables them to know where the necessary information can be obtained.

Students may register:

(1) Monday, October 1, 1928, at Boston for the Fall Course on The Principles of Business Management, covering twelve weeks

(2) Monday, January 7, 1929, at Babson Park, Florida, for the Main Course on the Fundamentals of Investing, covering twelve weeks.

(3) Monday, February 4, 1929, for the Condensed Course on Investing, covering eight weeks.

All students will be entitled to the Home Reading Course on Life's Problems scheduled for the Spring.

No attempt is made at Webber College to give the same courses as are given at colleges and some business schools. Any girl who is interested and trained by Webber College

in later years gather any further information they may feel is required. Girls, however, without a knowledge of these fundamentals will never permanently be at ease over their business and investment responsibilities or opportunities.

The way to learn is to do, and Webber College was organized that young women might learn the fundamentals of business and the caring for property by actually doing at the same time they are studying. Furthermore, the fundamentals of a successful, well-balanced life cannot be learned from books, but only by regular work. Hence, the most successful form of education that a girl can have is that secured by daily work, regular hours, and supervised periods of study. Many students never know what regular hours and work mean until they are enrolled in the routine of such a training. The combined program is an exceedingly valuable experience for which our students will feel duly grateful to their parents as the years go on and as either independent women or as wives and mothers they incur responsibilities.

The Fall work is given at Boston, Massachusetts, as a Day School Course, in which students are given instruction from nine to twelve each morning except Saturdays and Sunday. Students therefore may live at home, board with friends or at an approved

This Course is divided into three divisions:

*Selecting a Business:* Describing different kinds of business, noting the advantages and disadvantages of each. This work is supplemented with trips of inspection to different stores, factories, bond houses and offices. Points of contact are made in connection with these trips, which alone are very valuable to students later seeking employment for themselves or others.

*Business Rules and Customs:* Giving certain basic principles of business success with special reference to buying and selling, borrowing and saving, employing and working for others. The written and unwritten laws of business are given and the pitfalls to avoid are emphasized. If one is to succeed in a business career she must learn and adopt certain fundamental principles. Usually these are secured only through hard knocks and often bitter disappointments. The purpose of this division is to save girls from learning all of these things only through hard experience. Business correspondence and forms are covered in this division.

In this connection instruction is given as to the best methods of obtaining employment in the line for which one is best fitted. The student's qualifications, desires and temperament are also analyzed in order to help her in selecting a work in which she will be effi-

Continued on page 472



# The Late Charles Page a Real Philanthropist

*How the orphaned boy started in life as a giver as well as a getter and built up and endowed a real school and home city for the unfortunate and needy—provided for everything except a memorial for himself*

WITH an unparalleled record in his own circle, the achievements of Charles Page made him one of the most beloved men the world has ever produced. Handicapped in his youthful days by the death of his father, and being one of a large number of children Charles as a boy beheld the sorrow and hardships of his widowed mother in her efforts to provide for the family. This handicap, however, served to develop the inspiration and resolve that not only linked him closer to suffering humanity but created a zeal and determination to succeed that he might be all the more able to contribute to the relief of the weak and worthy.

That this class should be found in such an abundance, they must be God's chosen people,—so reasoned Mr. Page. Thus no one ever got so low in the scale of life, or shabby, or destitute, white or colored, that Mr. Page was not eager and ever ready to give encouragement and always lend a helping hand. A Salvation Army lass seems to have taught Mr. Page the plan of God to give one-tenth. He first gave the tenth, then more, and so on until he gave practically all except his living expenses and the amount necessary to perpetuate the noble work he was building up to supply the opportunities for a great multitude to have homes and happiness.

Along life's pathway his vocations varied. Starting at the age of fourteen as a railway call boy, a little later he became a telegraph messenger, then an operator; a brakeman; a policeman; detective; colonization agent; mining prospector and operator; timber land dealer; real estate broker; public utility operator; hotel owner; oil operator. In each of these activities he invariably played a double role; one the good Samaritan being evident to a large degree, the other the congenial, capable, shrewd business man. No, Charles Page did not wait until he had amassed a competency that would make his own future secure before he extended a helping hand, but the habit continued all through his life.

\* \* \*

In climbing the ladder of success his progress was not always an upward trend. He had his reverses, and enough of them to crush the heart of a man with less determination. When reverses came it appears that he would again take up the real estate business in some form for that seemed to always help him to get a new footing.

Then appeared his great life ambition to provide a home for widows and orphans. The Sand Springs Home founded

in a tent in 1908 was followed in rapid succession by permanent structures. The main building, 75 x 275, four stories, was erected in 1917. A widows' colony consisting of a large number of three room houses in a row and many others on the Home grounds and in parts of the city, is but a part of the plan. In connection with this Home feature is a modern refrigeration



The late Charles F. Page

plant, bakery, cannery, laundry, dairy, modern hospital, amusement park, manual training school, a business college, oral school for the deaf, a private school up to the eighth grade, greenhouse, orchards and farm lands. Hundreds are cared for, and what may be regarded as probably the greatest blessing is bestowed upon each—that of opportunity.

While Mr. Page departed this life a little over a year ago the desire to honor his memory by the citizenship of his State and other States has developed with an ever increasing zeal and determination. From the time the funeral services were held at the Sand Springs Home at which time those attending numbering many hundreds and representing every walk of life from the down and out to the many who have accumulated much, but whom Mr. Page had at some time or other befriended or at least had assisted directly or indirectly, all bowing in reverence to the departure of the great friend to humanity that he was, have patiently awaited the opportunity that they

might give expression in a public way to a cause that would perpetuate his memory.

With the announcement that a memorial in the way of a life size bronze statue of Mr. Page would in the near future be erected in the small triangular park opposite the postoffice in Sand Springs the citizens found the opportunity to give expression to their sentiment.

Hardly had the Masons announced their plan to give a concert to start the fund than some of the outlying schools started a penny fund, whereas each pupil may at least give a penny, thereby having some part, also helping to make it possible so that in years to come the school children then may look upon the likeness of Mr. Page, a real friend of the poor and distressed. At least four schools, Mannford, Keystone, Fisher, and Limestone, with 100 per cent as their goal, have "gone over the top."

The colored people to whom Mr. Page gave much consideration on account of their handicap along life's pathway are planning on doing something so that they, too, may give expression of appreciation of Mr. Page, and have some credit in making the memorial a reality.

While Sand Springs has the distinction of being the home of Charles Page who founded and endowed one of the world's distinctive private philanthropic institutions which is located there, the entire state and nation have profited immensely by his life and untiring efforts. So general were his benefactions that practically every state in the Union received his help, and many foreign countries his gracious hand distributed relief to the needy. The extent of appeals for his aid may be somewhat ascertained from that fact that even yet, more than a year after his death, appeals come from all parts of the country. In one day, appeals to him came from Oklahoma, Oregon, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

The achievements of Charles Page represent a wonderful monument of enduring fame containing as they do every embodiment of human nobility. And while those who have had the opportunity of knowing him can congratulate themselves in having met one of the greatest men the world has ever produced, the object of the proposed memorial has a two-fold purpose; that of giving future generations the opportunity of viewing his likeness, and of giving the present generation an opportunity to express their appreciation for the efforts of Mr. Page in their behalf. Sand Springs has started to do something toward expressing that appreciation.

The trustees of the Sand Springs Home interests will have charge of the

erection of the proposed memorial. Contributions for the purpose are received in the name of the Page Memorial Fund at the First National Bank and Sand Springs State Bank.

That the Home may be perpetuated it must be endowed, and as apart of this plan he started the Sand Springs Railway and bonded it to the Home. That the railway would continue to have an income it was necessary to have industries, and in securing industries so that business from them

influenza resulted in his death eight days later.

\* \* \*

It is exceedingly difficult to realize Mr. Page's efforts toward industrial development. But for the month of December, near the end of which death called him, a checking reveals the following list of homes for industries completed or in course of construction during the month:

Betterton-Rupert Coffee Co. 50 x 100, three stories, brick-concrete.

Sand Springs Railway freight depot, 50 x 150.

Sand Springs Hospital Nurses Home, 36 x 45, two story brick.

Oil Well Improvement Co., 50 x 300, brick.

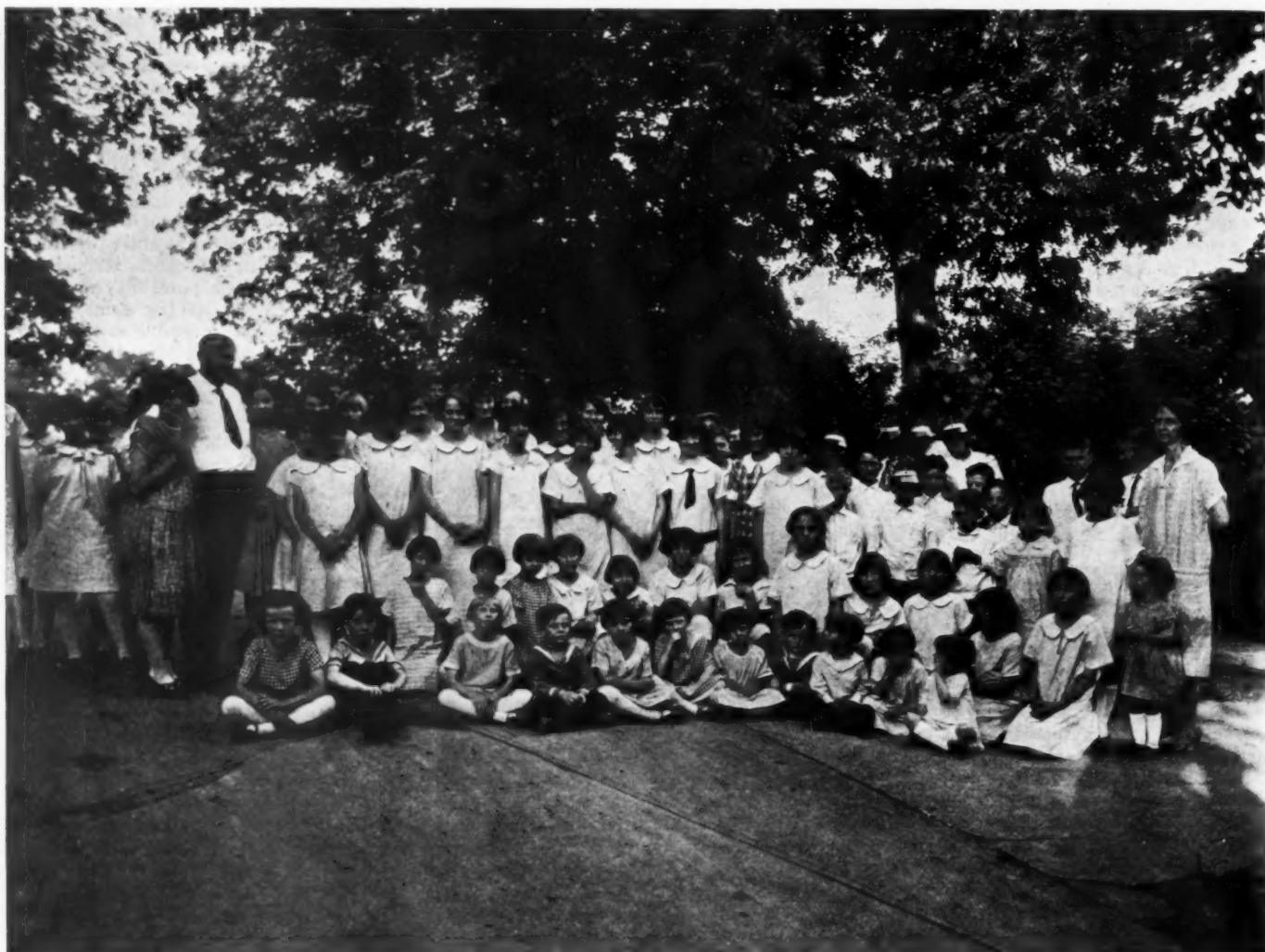
Monarch Cement Co.

Sand Springs Lime Co.

Nel-Stone Co.

Sand Springs Sand Company.

Tulsa Packing Co.



The late Charles F. Page with a group of the children at his Sand Springs Home

would be as steady as possible Mr. Page deemed it best to have such a variety so that in case any one line was affected it would not affect business as a whole.

For several months before his death Mr. Page had been making elaborate plans so that a million dollars a year would be available for promotion and development work in the Sand Springs district. Just how near he came to completing that plan has not been made known. However, for the year 1926, the additional annual payroll is estimated at approximately \$900,000; the additional number of employees at 837.

On Monday, December 27, 1927, occurred the death of Charles Page at his home in Sand Springs. While Mr. Page had endured a diabetic affection for a long time a severe cold followed by an attack of

Neville Preserving Co., 40 x 120, two stories, brick and tile.

Empire Chandelier Co., 50 x 120, brick and tile.

Sand Springs Home Creamery, 70 x 80, office and store room, 20 x 40, and garage 20 x 96, brick and tile.

C. R. Miller Mfg. Co., bleachery and equipment.

Sand Springs Chemical Co., three buildings and spray basin, office and laboratory, brick, tile and concrete.

Dairy Barn, stone, 37 x 170, 50 x 70, four 14-ft. silos.

Sand Springs Greenhouse, office building, brick 38 x 46, and two glass units, 50 x 150.

Sand Springs Home, teamsters home and residence, stone.

In addition to the above, partial arrangements were made during the month for the erection of a steel mill at Sand Springs and which will represent an investment of approximately \$1,000,000.

The month also marks the time for starting the construction of a new sewer system that will be a great help to the industrial section, representing a cost of \$187,000.

Realizing that his earthly existence could continue only a few years longer Mr. Page planned long ago to have a board of trustees ready to continue his work when his life work ends. In his death the community, state and nation mourns the loss of a great man whose spirit will undoubtedly guide those with the noble work that has been entrusted to their care.



# Marinoni "Master of Her Soul"

*An Italian girl who has become a popular American author without ever having been in a schoolroom where English was spoken, although her literary triumphs are in the language of her adopted country*

By CLIO HARPER

L YING helplessly in bed, her leg in a plaster cast, her flashing eyes and alert brain alone responding to the brilliance of the sunlight streaming through the hospital window, Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni meditated upon the mutability of all things earthly, and wondered if that were the end. Her life had been active, and she was yet youthful, with a buoyant spirit and an unconquerable ambition to succeed. She had not enjoyed the advantages of a college education,—had not spent an hour in an English school-room. Yet she was a linguist, speaking fluently her native Italian, as well as Spanish and French, and idiomatic American with a liquid resonance like the strumming of a golden harp. She had served her adopted country faithfully and well during the war in the Red Cross, contributing to the maintenance of morale in camp and community. Then came the accident which sent her to the hospital with an interrogation growing larger in her brain: Was this the end?

Her indomitable will asserted itself,—called up the reserves of latent genius, and marshaled the forces of a slumbering der-ring-do. She had never written a line of verse, or a story, or a drama, but she had lived them all in the few decades of a useful life. She loved literature, but not until she lay helpless in the hospital ward had she imagined herself a star of first magnitude in the galaxy of genius she had worshipped from afar. The awakening urge for literary creation was indigenous. She is the scion of a noble Italian family. Her father, Antero Zagnoni, had come to New York as an Italian war correspondent during the Spanish-American war, and the family liked America so well that they stayed. Antero was a vigorous writer, a brilliant orator who became a power in the Roosevelt campaign, and one of the very few who have been honored by being elevated to the 32° Scottish Rite of Free Masonry in complimentary recognition of services rendered his country. A maternal uncle, Federico Marzocchi, was a distinguished poet of Italy and her mother living with her, is an ardent bibliophile. Among her treasures are 16th century formats, of perfect typography, hand-tooled illuminated volumes that are not equalled today. She also possesses an autograph letter of Sir Walter Scott, dated April 24, 1812, which collectors have pronounced very valuable.

So it is not strange that the expatriated Bolognese, confronted by a fate that forced upon her a radical change in her outlook on life, should turn to literature. Friends did not encourage her at first—she had never written for publication, and new writ-

ers could not gain recognition without money or "pull." For 18 years she has been a resident of Fayetteville. Her husband, Antonio Marinoni, has during these years held the chair of Romance languages in the University of Arkansas, and is an authority on the subject, being the author of twelve text-books. The story of their courtship and marriage has in it an element of that romance with which all life is invested, and which Mrs. Marinoni finds so



Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

abundant in the raw material for her narratives. Rosa was a protected child, being guarded with that jealous affection which characterizes the hot-hearted Latin. Because of her beauty—(she won a beauty prize in her girlhood)—and family traditions, she was sheltered from the importunities of suitors. Her education was gained wholly through private tutors. It was in 1907 that Antonio Marinoni, himself a native of Italy, met Rosa Zagnoni. At that time he was spending a vacation with his parents in New York and one day he remarked in jest with a friend that all the beautiful girls stayed in Italy and only the unattractive ones came to America. The friend assured him of his error and claimed he knew a young lady who would have proven his statement erroneous, and so it was that he arranged for him to meet Rosa's mother, as only through her favor could he meet the carefully-guarded daughter. Thus it came about that, after refusing 19 proposals, Rosa Zagnoni became Mrs. Marinoni at the age of 18. Soon afterward,

July 8, 1908, they removed to Fayetteville, where four children were born of the union. Two survive, a girl, with the vivacity of her Latin parents, and a younger boy, every inch a sturdy product of his native Arkansas.

These and many other interesting facts about one of the most remarkable figures in contemporary American literature were learned during a delightful Sunday afternoon in the study, or living room, of the exquisitely beautiful Villa Rosa, like some architectural gem transported bodily from the romantic shores of Northern Italy. There is a literary air about the place, and yet a freedom that relieves it of all pedantry and affectation. It is a workshop, wherein is being wrought, day after day, poems and tales that wing their way to magazine pages, far and near. Over this shrine of a new conception of the writing-craft presides a vivacious woman, scarcely past her thirty-eighth year,—a magnetic Latin type, with flashing eyes of midnight hue, raven black hair, trimmed in ultramodern style, and an indescribable voice of vibrant individuality, a delicious interpretation of her adopted tongue.

But with all her literary obsession, excluding many things feminine, Mrs. Marinoni is first of all, a home-loving woman, happy in the performance of her household duties, and the care and training of her children. She holds that a literary career is not incompatible with the ideality of home-life. In less than two years she has become an authority on the successful production of salable literature, but she has spent her life in becoming an authority on the home. She professes no royal road to success, although the struggling writers who are deluged with rejection slips suspect a certain sorcery in her method. There are three ingredients in her work that are indispensable: Industry, Perseverance, and a Photographic Mind. She is indefatigable, her output is stupendous beyond belief, she writes of the common things of life, and she is never discouraged by temporary failure. When asked about her methods, she replied:

"I write because I love to write. I love work. I like to wash dishes and sweep. So I work all day long, and loving my work, I play all day long. I love life and my fellow man. I want to write of life as I see it. I read the faces of those I meet. Men and women are literature, more poignant than the written word. Many of my college stories are characterizations of students I have known. Plots and facts are fictitious, of course, but the main character has always lived,—somewhere. I like to write Ozark

stories. I love little towns and little cities. I love to live in Arkansas and to prove it, I have built my home on an Ozark hill. I have never been inside of an English speaking school room. My school is life, my books are men and women.

"Make every moment of the day spell play, but let that play be work. Beware of time wasting activities, such as bridge, calls—unless they are sick visits—long shopping tours, dancing and gossiping over the proverbial back fence. No night parties, no idle clubs, no sewing bees.

"While I attend to my home duties I call writing work. When I write I call my other duties work, but all is play at the time it engages my attention, so it is that I play all day and have a grand time of it. I think that usefulness and constructive creation spell self-satisfaction."

Many of her short poems, and she agrees with the modern school in at least this respect, that there is no such thing as a long poem,—many of her short poems are staccato heart stabs,—ideas vitalized, ideals garbed in reality, homely truths, world-old and poignant. For instance:

#### I AM A WOMAN

Not because I have loved—  
Not because I have wept—  
Not because I have sinned—  
But because I am a mother—  
I am a woman.

"What is the source of the inspiration for your tremendous output?" was asked.

"Life," she replied without hesitation; "I do not read the works of other writers, because I wish to avoid all imputations of plagiarism or style influence. I am just giving my readers life as it has come to me, and not a symposium of the thoughts of others. When critics assert that my writing shows the influence of some well-known classic or modern writer, I am amused, as I have never read that author. Only 21 months ago I began to write, with all odds against me. By hard work I have accomplished what even my friends said could not be done. I have found that if one has the power to present life and the emotions which men and women experience, he can successfully appeal to the editors and through them to the public. I do not get my material from mixing with the outside world. It seems that my inspiration comes from a harvest of observations resting within me, so I have reduced my social activities to a minimum. I like people, oh yes, people are my books as life is my school. I enjoy meeting my fellow-men, but I must choose between living the life of the moment and living and interpreting my own conception of life. I am not striving to attain any high literary goal. My desire is to create a market for my stories and poems in popular magazines where I can reach the masses. I do not attempt to produce literature for the critical few, but the things the people will read, and, reading, be profited by it. I write for men and women who have felt life as I have felt it and who are capable of reacting to my cinematic views of life. The plain, every-day, hard-working, sturdy American people is my audience, in whose heart I hope to find a place. I seek neither the Parnassian heights nor

the murky depths, but mingle with those who walk the surface-paths of a habitable earth.

"I am intolerant of nothing but snobbery and affectation. So-called blue-blood and the artificiality of aristocracy mean nothing to me. I am for the poor man, the struggler. I know nothing about the Modernists, the Impressionists, the Vers Librists, the Classicists, or any of the schools or cults. If I have a style, it is all my own, and I have a grand time exercising it. I do not write preachments, but attempt to put little sermons in my stories. I try never to point a moral so obviously that it becomes disgusting or repellent."

"Do you have difficulty in placing your work?" asked the interviewer.

"Oh, no, not at all," she replied; "of course I receive more rejection slips than I do acceptances. But they do not count. You see, I have an average of 85 manuscripts in the mails all the time. When a manuscript comes back, I do not grieve—I immediately send it out again. A worthy manuscript never fails. One of my stories, which met with widely favorable notice and brought me a check for \$500, had taken 21 trips, and one which took 30 trips was taken by the periodical which had rejected it. A poem that had been rejected by four small magazines and one newspaper was finally taken by a widely read literary periodical. I never ask the reason. So far as I am concerned, editors are always right. They buy what they think their readers want. If they accept a poor story of mine, that is my misfortune; if they reject a good story of mine, that is their business; and both things happen. A writer cannot long travel on the reputation of one success. He must make good every time he makes a new attempt. No matter what success he achieves, it automatically ceases when his product drops below par. Even successful writers cannot sleep upon their laurels. At the root of the word 'success' is that other word 'work,' without which success is impossible. That which does not advance me does not exist, hence my daily mail has no power to discourage me. I am not a Christian Scientist, but I am what you might call a Positivist. Only that which is constructive counts."

Asked if she had reduced her work to a system, Mrs. Marinoni enumerated the following ten rules for success in writing: Use "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts." Don't mind rejection slips. Editors are always right. However—never argue with them. A story is never a "dud." Make your writing a profession and not a pastime. Draw your plots from life and not from other writers' work. No magazine is so small and obscure that you can afford to snub it. Keep the body fit so that the mind may be fit. Work for the joy of producing and not for checks alone. Know life and love life before writing of it.

Then there are ten stumbling-blocks to be avoided:

Sending to the "Big Four" and expecting an acceptance. Careless preparation of manuscript. Discouragement. Haphazard stabbing at unknown markets. Being sensitive to criticism. Writing about that of which one is not familiar. Leaving a manu-

script in the desk drawer. Neglecting to answer letters. Refusing to revise or cut a story that does not sell. Writing for immortality.

In 21 months Mrs. Marinoni "made" 81 magazines—and she has great stacks of them in her study to prove her incredible statement to the incredulous. Since she began writing her output has been unbelievably large. She "keeps books" on all her work, and her inventory shows the following: 1105 poems; 170 short stories, ranging from 2,000 to 10,000 words each, 4 serials, 1 long novel of 100,000 words, 24 first-person confession stories anonymously printed, 29 children's stories, one book of verse, besides a flood of reviews and personal sketches. Her short stories range from sex to juveniles. Short stories have been accepted by the Sunday school literature of 12 denominations, including Protestant, Jewish and Catholic. Her first serial, "Cured by Felix," was published by a popular monthly. Another serial, "Co-education of Belinda Bandini," appeared in *College Stories*. "Ozark Flint and Star Gold" is now running in the *Household Magazine* of Topeka, Kansas. Her story, "The Breath that Lit the Christmas Candles," was acclaimed the greatest occult short-story of the month when published. She can write "sweetheart" stories, too, but she prefers the more masculine, red-blooded type of narrative. The only limit to her production is the market.

Mrs. Marinoni is a tireless worker. It has been estimated that she has averaged 2000 words a day since she began writing, or something like one and a quarter million words, or a line of eight-point type ten miles long. She is quoted in Braithwaite's and other anthologies, and the 1928 volume lists 35 of her stories. She writes under the names of Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, Ross Zane Morrison, Rosca the Jester, Rosa Zagnoni, and anonymously. She writes from 8 to 14 hours a day, and every day brings one short story, or several poems, or part of a novel. She composes directly on the typewriter, then revises and keeps two typists busy copying her manuscripts for the printer. Her speed is incredible. She wrote the heart-story of a young girl,—pathos, tragedy, mother love, everything but sex—35,000 words in three days and sent her brain-child adrift. She was finally adopted by a sympathetic editor who sent the author a check for \$500. Her experience has proven that while sex stories do sell, wholesome, dramatic, tense stories, based upon truth, possess an irresistible appeal.

Reviewers and critics have been most kind in their evaluation of her work. One of them said, "she dares to print the courageous kind of thoughts for the up-lift of humanity that she thinks and expressed with such profundity and beauty, with the brain of a thinker is a great rarity in literary experience."

A radio announcer who is using her work on his programs on one of the larger stations wrote Mrs. Marinoni, "but I usually try to slip in something more subtle and of a higher type, such as your work, for the benefit of those who appreciate better poetry."



# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

THERE will be a large representation of women as delegates and alternates at the Kansas City and Houston conventions. Among the principal leaders among women who shone in the political arena four years ago was Mrs. Charles H. Sabin of New York City. A graceful, dainty figure appeared on the platform before the delegates in convention assembled and ten thousand people at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland in 1924, and then there was a buzz of expectancy. When Mrs. Charles Sabin came forward and extended the thanks of the convention to the city of Cleveland for its hospitality, she was truly participating in politics and following the traditions of her family. Her father and her grandfather were both members of a President's cabinet and prominent in national public life.

In 1858 her grandfather, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, was made Secretary of the Territory of Nebraska, and was prominently identified with the early history of that State. The appointment made him Acting Governor of the Territory. As Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, he became the honored founder of Arbor



Mrs. Charles H. Sabin

Day, celebrated quite generally in the United States ever since and adding millions of new trees.

Her father, Hon. Paul Morton was Secretary of the Navy in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Early in life Mrs. Sabin took an active interest in politics as companion to her father. In 1919 she visited at the headquarters of the National Committee in New York as a volunteer and was in the thick of the Harding campaign. Beginning at

the bottom as a member of the Suffolk County Republican Committee, she was advanced to Vice Chairman of the Republican Ways and Means Committee for Greater New York and raised \$176,000 needed for expenses, with the speed of an old campaigner.

She managed the campaign for assemblyman in Suffolk County and elected her candidate in a three-cornered primary fight. In 1923 she was chosen president of the Women's National Republican Club and became an associate member of the Republican State National Committee of the State of New York. She was elected and served as delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention from the Empire State, having been a delegate to every state convention since 1920, and in charge of the women's work of the department of the East for the presidential campaign of 1924, Mrs. Sabin has a background of such practical experience that it serves her well.

Of slight figure and with her expressive, dark eyes and pleasing ways, she seems to understand just how to direct women in the stress of modern campaign tactics. Fortified with information, she decides on matters very quickly and with little fuss or feathers, having the poise demanded in emergencies. She has a way of winning votes in the mass as she has of winning friends individually and has an extended acquaintance among women throughout the State in all occupations of life. New ways have been innovated at National Headquarters since the advent of women doing the active and direct work in a presidential campaign.

At her desk she directs a campaign with the grace of a hostess at home, and yet there is the systematic, methodical business-like methods that was characteristic of her distinguished grandfather and father.

"It occurred to me years ago, even before women had the vote, that they should devote more time to the study of public questions and take an active interest in politics, even if for nothing else than to enjoy the companionship of husbands and brothers in that which seems to interest them at times more than anything else. Women may be temperamental in some things, but my experience has proven that they are cool in political emergencies. Politics is wooing voters and who should know more about wooing and about how to be wooed than a woman?"

\* \* \*

WHEN she presented her beautiful home to the boys of the American Legion "my boys" Schumann-Heink touched the heart of her adopted America. Gray-

haired, the mother of six children, a truly great artist who has for a third of a century been conspicuous in the making of musical history in the United States, and who at the age of sixty-seven years gave a concert in Boston recently, at which four thousand dollars was taken in at the box office.



Madame Schumann-Heink

Ernestine Schumann-Heink—the Sarah Bernhardt of opera and concert has become the idol of the Legion.

After that concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, Mayor James M. Curley approached the famous diva and gave her a golden key, one of the honorary keys which have been presented by the City of Boston. The inscription read "To Madame Schumann-Heink, the music of whose glorious voice has thrilled and lightened the hearts of humanity, and whose patriotism shines forth as an exemplar of devotion to God and country."

Born near Prague, in Austria, the daughter of a poor army officer, she opened her eyes on poverty. There were three sisters and a brother at home. And this left no money for musical advantages of any sort.

"Out in Minnesota I gave a concert and some of the American Legion boys met me at the train. I meet 'the boys' in nearly every city where I go. I noticed the hands of one of the boys. They were affected with a sort of mustard gas which rendered them useless. He was among those who came to the train to meet me. I felt honored to be received by them. My attention centered on the disabled soldier and I thought of the bonus—what a farce! Two hundred and

fifty dollars—what does that mean to a boy like that? What does this bonus mean in payment for a life? It means very little.

She scoffs at the so-called prima donna temperament.

"Temperament—Bah! That is another overworked phrase. I get angry sometimes. All of us do. But I do not call it artistic temperament."

Madame Schumann-Heink is a great lover of home. "When I am at home I enjoy my garden; I dust, I iron, I wash—yes, wash. I take pride in cooking a good dinner. 'Now they tell me I am spoiling my grandchildren—because I can't help humoring them,—so I go out to sing for 'My Boys.' Her home is in California at Coronado.

Her magic voice was discovered in Graz by Materna, and she received a request from the Dresden Opera Company to go there. She was engaged at once. The contract was so long in coming that the family jeered at her. Finally the document came. And her debut was successful. She was in Dresden four years singing minor roles.

From this hour her progress, though halting, was sure.

"When I came to New York, they gave me a welcome which I shall never forget. I remember my first concert as though it were yesterday, though it was twenty-nine years ago. It was at the Metropolitan in 1899. I sang the drinking song from 'Lucretia Borgia,' and when I had finished the audience made a great noise. They whistled and called. You know in Europe such a demonstration means only one thing, the equivalent of hissing and throwing apples or something. I went back to my dressing room feeling that all was over, my concert was a failure. The noise and clamor kept up and the manager came rushing back to my dressing room and said, 'Madame, you have made a great hit.' But I don't sing the drinking song now."

\* \* \*

**H**ITHERTO Lloyd Osbourne has been chiefly known as the collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson,—as the man who helped the great Scottish romancer to produce "The Wrecker" and "The Wrong Box," and a few others which, though not so well known, nevertheless added quite a bit to the reputation of "R. L. S." Osbourne's connection with Stevenson did him much good in some ways, but injured him in others.

The individual who serves an apprenticeship to a Praxiteles, watches him at work, brings him his different tools, and assists him in chipping and shaping and rounding and polishing cannot fail to become a great sculptor himself, if he has the intelligence to profit from example.

'Twas thus with Osbourne. He watched Stevenson, he learned how the Master evolved his plots and turned his phrases and polished his expressions and he imitated him to such good advantage that the illustrious romancer in time deemed Osbourne fit to assist him in his work, so he intrusted to him much of the composition of several of his charming novels.

Osbourne learned the art of writing and writing well from Robert Louis Stevenson, but he gained absolutely nothing in fame,—

"R. L. S." monopolized it all, so there was nothing left for Lloyd to grab. He became known only as a helper and helpers are kept in the shade, not allowed to come forth into the full light that beats around the personages of the great.

Osbourne has remained in the shade of Stevenson's fame for a long time. He has recently emerged however and soon may step into as full a blaze of glory as encircled the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Lloyd is now working for himself, not for any master, and his work gives fine promise of future development.

The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation of New York have just published a fine story of mystery and romance from his pen, entitled "Not to be Opened," a story which is a real thriller and keeps the reader's interest at fever heat from beginning to end. In fact, it may be termed a breathless romance, for one holds his breath in anticipation from the finish of one page to the turning of the next. It is a book liable to make the reader lose his temper and say and do desperate things, if interrupted. So absorbing is the tale, that the calmest of men is apt to forget his own interests so far as to tell his rich mother-in-law to "go to Jericho," should she command him to throw it aside and come to supper. Indeed a hen-pecked husband may pick up enough temerity to fling the kitchen dishes at his red-haired wife, if she disturbs him at his reading and cause him to let slip the thread of the yarn the author is unraveling for him. So it can be inferred that "Not To Be Opened" is not only captivating, intriguing, absorbing but, also, provocative, and really dangerous, for it may lead to bickering, to strife, to quarrel and even to murder.

"What is it about?" you ask. It is about many things, each and all highly entertaining. It starts with a bank official who has grown gray in the institution and whose services have made it rich, powerful, influential. The directors are conniving to deprive him of the fruits of his labors, keep from him the pension to which he is so justly entitled. He lives alone having been estranged from his wife for twenty years. His daughter is with her on a ranch in Western Canada. On the day of her mother's funeral the daughter, who loves her father, receives a letter from him from London, in which there is an enclosure marked 'not to be opened until one year after the death of the sender'. She hastens back to London and is told her father had committed suicide. She does not believe the report. She is sorely tempted to open the letter but in obedience to her dead father's request she refrains. At her boarding-house she finds a young man who has been through the war and won many distinctions, but he is down on his luck and can't get a job, though the son of a nobleman. He joins her in trying to solve the mystery of her father and his reported suicide, but advises her not to open the letter until the appointed time. The couple pass through many and thrilling experiences. Circumstances finally arise which compel the opening of the letter before the year expires. Those circumstances are the denouement of the story and the letter when opened offers a full solution of the mystery.

On the whole, the book is about the best of its kind published during the current season.

Clifford Gordon.

\* \* \*

**T**HEY say that genius runs in families, and that what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. Good stock produces good every time,—a sound seed germinates and a healthy plant springs up.

In most offspring we can detect a trace of atavism, a throw-back either in mental or physical characteristic to some relative, perhaps long since passed away. Heredity gives an impress, stamps a seal which cannot be obliterated.

"Blood will tell" is an old saying, meaning that those qualities of head and heart, which distinguish and differentiate, are inherent and will manifest themselves in one way or another in every individual as ancestral heritages.

One of our most distinguished novelists of the present time is Francis Brett Young, an Englishman of good stock, descended from a fine line of sturdy forebears of sound bodies and sound heads. He has written several fine novels, chiefly dealing with English life and character. He has a good foundation, that of scholarship, upon which to erect his edifices. He is a man of ubiquitous knowledge and wide experience. Dr. Young—he has a right to the title for he was an M. D. before he became a novelist, he wooed and wed Hygeia, the daughter of old Aesculapius—has gained for himself a high place among contemporary writers of fiction, so high that he is very near the pinnacle.

Now we find a younger brother of Francis Brett Young climbing up the height that leads to the Temple of Fame at the top. This is Eric Brett Young, author of "The Murder at Fleet," a work which has given him a big boost in the ascent. A few more like it will place him almost as high as his elder and distinguished brother.

"The Murder at Fleet" is a detective story of distinct *genre*. It has all the ingredients that go to make up a first-class production of its kind, with several more thrown in to add to its piquancy and flavor. It is mysterious, grisly, yet appealing,—in many ways captivating. Foremost, it has the essential quality of a successful detective novel, that of being interesting, it holds the reader from the first to the last page. Next it presents a good study in human character and the motives that impel men to act and do things beyond the pale of ordinary experience. In this respect it is psychological,—it searches out and reveals souls.

The plot of the story is somewhat unique. A kindly old professor leaves his country home one fine evening and sets out for London where he is scheduled to give a lecture on psycho-analysis, but he never reaches the hall where he was to speak, he vanishes completely from the scene, nor can he be traced beyond the railway station of his home town. The next day a horrible discovery is made in the neighborhood,—the professor's dead body is found in the form of a scarecrow, set up in a field as if to keep off marauding crows and other

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# A "Hot Time" in Colorful Khartoum, Africa

*An editorial pilgrimage up the Nile to Khartoum in Soudan—where "Chinese" Gordon paid the supreme sacrifice to hold the fort—The old haunts of Kitchener in the equatorial African Empire*

[From Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book "To Bagdad and Back"]

WHILE disporting in anticipation of a refreshing bath at my hotel, The Grand, a hoarse roar that seemed to come from just outside my window startled me. I called a native kavass and asked the cause of the disturbance. It was the roar of a lion in a neighboring garden. I had hardly calmed my fears when the stillness was again disturbed by a demoniacal laugh that fairly made my hair stand on end. In a moment I realized what the guffaw meant. The Orient is indissolubly connected with the omnipresent donkey, "the jazz band of the Levant." I had heard the sound long enough in my travels through the East so that it should have caused me no distress. Everybody in Khartoum seems to have at least one of these little animals, as we have cats and dogs about the house. No sooner does one

Ishamil Pasha were the guests at a feast in the palace, the Egyptian officers were burned to death, the palace having been set afire by the treacherous Sultan of Nubia, who was his host. Mohammed Ali sent a new army which destroyed Shendi and founded Khartoum, which then succeeded the destroyed city as the capital of Upper Nubia.

About twelve hundred and fifty feet above the sea, Khartoum is laid out according to an imposing plan, with many wide streets leading away from the esplanade on the river and intersected by others equally as wide. The capital of Sudan recalls Washington. Some of the buildings are stately, and Gordon College, the Palace, and the Mosque are imposing structures.

A tiny steam train runs down to the ferry for Omdurma, and is usually crowded with

ment. The worshippers finally faded away, weeping bitterly, realizing that it was but an image they were worshipping.

Everywhere throughout the city are Greeks, who seem to be the traders of the land and most royally disliked. They sit, squat-fashion, in the shadows before the cafes and beneath the arcades,—a thoroughly unpleasant, humble lot that reminds one of Dickens' Uriah Heep—eternally washing their hands in oceans of visible humility. They step up close and peer leeringly into one's face, and I can never look into their evil-looking visages without feeling glad that it is broad daylight and that I am not alone.

The heat is terrific and even such a short walk as that across the wide square is dangerous to the bareheaded white man. Usually, if he has had any experience with



tune up—and what a song it is!—than other members of the donkey's union take up the refrain.

As the long day came to a close and the stars began twinkling like constant friends in the sky, I was shown the famed Southern Cross sparkling in the heavens. The Great Dipper, which I am wont to find at home, was low on the horizon. The native city had retired to rest and left the world "to darkness and to me."

In the morning, aroused by the braying of the donkey chorus, and feeling like a big game hunter, I went out on the verandah. The morning air was bracing; had just the right tang and made one feel fit for living. The waters of the Blue Nile were beautiful in their sheeny brilliance; even the vast expanses of the desert seemed pleasant in comparison with their appearance during the heat of the day. The low skyline of Omdurman stood out sharply defined in the clear air of the morning.

There was something in the shadows that told of a Khartoum that has grown up in the aftermath of a tragedy. In 1821, when Mohammed Ali's son and General

natives enjoying themselves to the utmost. They grin at the visitor in the most congenial fashion.

In the palace of the Sirdar is contained the court famous as the shrine of the martyr, General Gordon. A bower of beautiful trees and playing fountains commemorate the spot where the General fell. From the rear entrance we go out into a wide avenue near the end of which stands one of the most stately monuments I have ever seen. Mounted upon a camel sits the hero who for months watched and waited for the succor that came all too late. Facing toward the desert, his eyes seem to scan the horizon for the reinforcements he hoped would arrive in time to save his garrison.

There were several native women bent in prayer before the statue recalling the story concerning the erection of the monument, at which time it is said the Sudanese gathered about, half believing that "the good Pasha" had returned to protect them from further invasions. The graven face gave no signs of life, the features which always had worn an expression of tenderness and sympathy relaxed not for a mo-

ment. The eastern tropical sun, he pauses for a moment to get his wind, and then scurries across the open space to the shelter of the arcades. From this point is visible the great mosque which the English government has built for the Moslems, and the park close by the palace.

The commercial center of Khartoum lies back from the river, bordering very wide streets, along which are some fine buildings with up-to-date stores. In Maling's growing drug store there was evidence that the proprietor had been in America. He had everything in the show window. The wind, like hot blasts from Hades, and the heat drives one back toward the bank of the Nile. Away from the river the city named for "The Elephant's Trunk" presents a lonely aspect. Narrow, tortuously winding streets and bazaars, with their conglomeration of peoples and merchandise so typical of ordinary Oriental towns are missing. It is a town of wide-open desert areas.

The blue water of the Nile murmured musically below the verandah where we sat, while here and there a tattered sail drifts lazily along. Straight ahead a green plain

stretched out to the point at which the White and Blue Niles join in their northward course to the sea. In the distance the burning yellow sands stretch away on both sides, shimmering in the parching glare of the sun.

Looking down the Nile, I became aware of the smoke of a slowly creeping steamboat that, now as I listen, I can hear faintly whistling in the distance, bringing memories of the Old South and the cotton packets leaving Memphis.

Now for a trip to Omdurman, the famous city of the Mahdi across the river. Some of the donkeys who compose the "jazz band" were hitched to rickshaws in which we were to travel in state to the ferry. The donkey boy amuses himself by beating a tattoo upon the animal's rump with his stick. If the boy ceases, the flea-bitten burro is apt to seat himself on his haunches.

Boarding the puffing little steamer, we skirt the banks of the river, where remain some of the low, crumbling mud fortifications over which, in the days of the siege of Khartoum, the Arabs poured. On the left bank of the river lies the long, low straggling skyline of a city of which the world has heard—Omdurman, the city of the Mahdi and Khalifa. Low mud walls stretch northward for a great distance and beyond stands a solitary hill overlooking the field upon which Islam received its greatest defeat in history.

Mud houses fringe the river, on banks which rise gently from the water's edge. When the guide spoke of "mounts," I expected to find horses or camels awaiting us, but we were met by a number of black boys, each leading an undersized burro with a queer, high saddle. I looked at the donkey in front of me and sympathized with him. Imagine a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound human being astride a rabbit-sized burro, and you have a picture of my "conquest" of Omdurman.

Down a long street bordered by yellow walls canopied by a deep blue sky, there was scarcely a sign of life. The donkeys pattered along paths once occupied by the tribes of the Khalifa, who brought them in from the desert. Close by are the prisons of the Mahdi, fast falling into decay.

The Mahdi's tomb, which lies upon the route, is a small structure about fifty feet square. Nothing remains of it today but

mud walls. Once it was adorned by an imposing dome. On the evening of the Battle of Omdurman, a few British artillery men trained their gun on it unknown to the officers and sent a few shells through the dome. Kitchener was furious but never did discover the perpetrators. This I learned in Florida from an Irish veteran of the Boer War, who was courtmartialed in Capetown for fighting in a barrack room with one of that gun crew. The Mahdi, the guide insisted, in pigeon English, was a thorough scoundrel, neither Moslem, Christian, nor anything else. In public he was the most religious, the most pious of all holy men. Although he had but four lawful wives, he had an infinite number of concubines, and it is said that at his death at least thirty women stood about him keeping the torrid air in motion with their waving ostrich plumes, trying to flash the widow's grief.

When the Mahdi was prepared for burial, the native women sprinkled the shroud-wrapped corpse with perfumes, then everyone present threw a handful of earth into the open grave, exclaiming as the rite was performed, "O merciful, O gracious God!" Behind him were tens of thousands of murdered human beings and countless devastated towns. Poverty, famine and death reigned on all sides.

\* \* \*

A short distance from the tomb of the Mahdi stands the house of his successor, the Khalifa, now the quarters for one of the civil officers. How these officials endure the life here is beyond me, but they furnish an example of English devotion to duty.

The Khalifa had as his interpreter and unofficial jester a German, whom my guide called Slatin Pasha, who suffered the vicissitudes which only one of his race could suffer and still grin and bear it. One day he was the Khalifa's right hand man, the next he was forced to run beside his master's horse, barefoot through the burning sands. The Khalifa made him assume the Moslem faith and forced twenty of the ugliest hags in Omdurman upon him as his wives, as a huge joke.

The inhuman ruler was very fond of various methods of torture, one of which was (playfully, of course) to cut off one hand and one foot of his victims. Even today

one sees some aged beggar hobbling about and displaying the stumps of arms and legs which reputedly were cut off by the Khalifa's experts.

As we rode out toward the desert from Omdurman, I had my first view of an approaching sand storm. For several hours the wind had been howling over the desert. In the distance was an ominous rolling cloud, like a cyclone cloud in the midwest. It grew rapidly and seemed to move with the speed of a hurricane across the desert in our direction. The guide immediately ordered us to turn about and we hurried back toward the city.

As we made for shelter the sand began to blow up about us in whirlpools. The sky was gray with the sand clouds, through which now and then the sunlight shone as on a misty morning back home in the fall. In the city we did not suffer. The cutting particles of sand, much like the snow in a Dakota blizzard, swirled in eddies and billows. Within a few minutes the worst of the storm was over and we were ready to return to Khartoum.

Passing the market place, my burro stopped and refused to go on. He seemed convinced that this should be his last resting place, and he attempted to sit down, but a sharp crack across the rump caused him to change his mind. He trotted steadily ahead, with his long ears indicating supreme disgust.

A group of jet black Sudanese at the ferry, who evidently had a keen sense of humor, giggled at the sight of a burly editor on this minute mount. The native women were dressed in white and bedecked with jewelry. The sight of this swarm of negroes brought forcibly to my mind the remembrance that Khartoum was in days gone by the principal slave mart in Africa, where the trade was always brisk.

Crossing the river, the battlefield of Omdurman slowly faded away in the endless desert sea. After dinner I turned in for a rest. I had almost fallen asleep when the donkey band beneath my window renewed its serenade, and even in my slumbers I heard braying jazz musicians with donkey's ears assembled in my bedroom for a symphony of hee-haws. It looked like a scene from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," for these donkeys of my dozing visions walked on two legs.





# The Story of Two Dogs

*A graphic and gripping story of the redeeming power and love of animals for and upon human beings that will appeal to everyone who has felt the heart impulse in love for animals suggesting the real key of life*



By  
**ARTHUR EDWARD STILWELL**

## CHAPTER XVI THE TRESPASSER

**A**BE'S plan was the acme of simplicity. He meant to camp outside the extremity of Hadley's land at the nearest point to Wandering Creek, and to work the claim at night. He knew that Hadley was as yet confined to his room and deemed it unlikely that the Mute would find any occasion to visit that part of the estate during the winter.

It meant unrelenting toil, covering up the signs of his nocturnal toil at daybreak each day, and keeping the fire well down in the hole in order that no inquisitive person should see the glow from it. He meant to wrest as much gold from the claim as his abnormal energy would permit, before he was discovered.

From what he had heard of Hadley, discovery would bring unpleasant results. Nothing but Eloise's welfare would have persuaded him to do such a thing, and Eloise was secondary to the desires of Maurice, to whom he was deeply, almost sentimentally attached.

The kid wanted this thing because he was in love with Eloise. That was sufficient for Abe. If he could knock out a few thousand dollars before Hadley swooped down on him he was satisfied. Each ounce of gold was hidden in a certain place as it

was washed and purified. He didn't mean Hadley to get his fingers onto it.

He found that the claim was yielding up to its first promise. Each morning a few ounces were added to the store, before he retired into the tent to sleep. He chuckled as he filled the skin "pokes" and began thoroughly to enjoy the escapade.

The weeks went by and the cache of gold was getting larger. No soul ventured into this out-of-the-way place. At times he took a peep over the hill, and saw the lights gleaming in the windows of the big house. He chuckled to realize the ignorance of the owner. For the sake of appearances he dug into the side of a small, frozen creek near his camp. He was glad of this stratagem later, for one morning Woodrow, riding to Redgap, spotted the tent, and cut across country to find out the meaning of it.

He awakened Abe from pleasant dreams.

"Hullo," he said, "prospecting?"

Abe nodded.

Woodrow turned his glance towards the dug bank.

"Any luck?"

"Nope, I'm giving it another try over, and then I guess I'm musing."

"There ought to be gold here," said Woodrow. "There was a man in Charlesville who got gold from somewhere up here."

"Wal, he was luckier than me. P'raps it's further up the hill."

"Quite likely, but that is private land. All beyond this point belongs to the man who lives over the hill."

"Has he tried digging?"

Woodrow laughed.

"No—and he is not likely to. I think he has more money than he knows how to spend. I should try lower down the valley if I were you."

"Thanks—but I kind of like this place."

Woodrow pulled his horse round, and with a cheery wave of his hand took the main route for Redgap. Abe yawned and went back to bed.

Hadley had made remarkable progress. The broken bones had set firmly and the terrible gash in his head had all but healed. There were a few psychological changes, too, that are worthy of note. All through his convalescence Victor had kept near him. Now that shooting and roaming were impossible, he found a strange joy in watching the dog, and the dog seemed to find delight in watching him.

To Hadley it was incomprehensible that Victor should have saved his life by his intelligence. It didn't fit in with his scheme of things at all. He hated dogs—he had hated Victor, and Victor should properly have returned that hate. Why should this animal have troubled about the life of a master who kicked him at times, and displayed always tyranny of the worst descrip-

tion? He found himself admiring this return of good for evil.

"You're a darn sight better dog than I thought," he muttered. "There are a lot of men who would have been glad to have witnessed that accident, and to have shut their mouths about it. And you came back and brought them to me. . . . Well, you can regard the past as closed between me and you. And I think I'd like you to stay in the house at night. How's that?"

Victor cocked up his ears and wagged his tail. Then he walked up to Hadley's chair and buried his head in the latter's lap.

This was merely a beginning. As the weeks passed and Hadley struggled onto his legs, he found his interest in Victor increasing. There were times when the dog came to him with a piece of wood in his mouth which he deposited at the feet of Hadley, looking amusedly into the latter's eyes. At first this had puzzled him. He had not realized that Victor was little more than a puppy, with a constant desire to play. When this ultimately dawned on him, and he flung the piece of wood forward, to watch the delighted dog leap at it and toss it into the air and finally bring it to him again, he felt he had suddenly grown wise.

After that, play became a regular thing between them. He even went to the length of playing hide and seek in the house, despite the fact that Victor upset a lot of furniture in his high-spirited rushes. He began to see a little into the dog's life. It amazed him. He found himself looking into an intricate mass of emotions, very human, very wonderful. That which he had taken for primitive animal cunning was quick intelligence and understanding. The "Hide and Seek" game illustrated this on more than one occasion. Victor had to bury his head in a pillow while Hadley crept off and hid. Once the latter, seeing a door ajar, slipped outside and secreted himself behind a tree. Victor did his usual search behind every object in the house, and then, failing to find his master, noted the open door. A look, very much like a smile, crossed his face, and he crept through the door.

Hadley heard him panting as he ran from tree to tree, but he missed the one behind which Hadley hid, and might never have found him but for an accident. Hadley wanted to sneeze. Nothing on earth could stop it. He put his handkerchief well over his face, and tried to smother the sound. He heard Victor suddenly stop, and knew the dog had heard. He waited, but Victor never came. A little surprised, he looked round the tree, and saw the dog standing bolt still, staring at the tree. He must have seen his master's head, but he pretended he hadn't, and started to look round the other trees. The meaning of this came to Hadley in a burst of illumination—Victor refused to take advantage of this accidental sneeze. At first it seemed too incredible, but there was no other way true—this amazing animal had its own code of morality. In a hundred ways he proved himself human, or more than human.

"Was there ever such a dog?" mused Hadley.

No longer were they master and brute. Barriers were passed as the days went on. Hadley felt a sense of embarrassment at his own sentimentalism, but that was swept away as he began to realize that out of the totally unexpected companionship he was gaining some indefinable content which made the days less wearisome and the world less horrible.

Victor found his old happiness returned. This new master was like the old—even more gentle—more sensitive to the dog's emotions. But outside Victor, Hadley relented but little. He tried to localize this new growth. Victor had done something for him and the others hadn't. To show a fondness for the dog was natural in the circumstances, but it didn't alter things much.

It looked as though the old cynicism and tyranny were still there, but in fact they were not. Woodrow, marvelling at the change in him, suggested that he should use his influence to get Jake reinstated. Six months back Woodrow's argument had made no impression at all—now he actually gained his point. Hadley gave way and wrote a letter which did the trick.

In his room he meditated over this. He had been weak—for the first time in his life he had been a weak fool. But when Jake came along with the mail and Hadley saw a look of gratitude shine in his eyes, he felt rather glad Woodrow had got his way.

On one fine morning in March he took a gun and Victor, and started off for a morning's shooting. It was the first time he had handled a gun since the accident and the feel of it was pleasant. He made no attempt to climb the mountain, knowing that the effort might possibly undo nature's good work, but wandered to the other end of his land. There was a feeling of Spring in the air, though the snow still lay thick on the ground. A few weeks and the birds would come back. The place would be ringing with their song. He sighed as he thought of it. Victor was leaping among the trees and making huge circles round him.

"Not going fast enough, eh? You forget my leg old boy—it's like a piece of straight wood."

A big Winter bird hurtled by overhead. It took Hadley by surprise.

"I must have been asleep," he muttered.

They emerged from the thick pines into open country where Hadley's land ended. He stood looking over the sun-lit expanse when there came a sound of bleating. He looked round and saw a lamb lying under a tree. The killing instinct arose within him.

"Ought to keep their flocks off my land," he grumbled. "Told 'em times enough."

He raised the gun and took careful aim—but he didn't fire. Something seemed to be wrong with him. On the verge of pulling the trigger, strange mental questioning came into action. It frightened him. He lowered the gun and breathed hard. What was it that had awakened to join issue with his pre-determination? His head said "shoot" and his heart seemed to say "shame."

He didn't raise the gun again—his hand trembled too much. He walked towards the bleating lamb and discovered the reason it

never moved—its left hind leg was broken. It must have wandered for miles to find the sheltered spot.

"Poor little devil," he said. "Victor, we'll go home—don't feel the thing today."

He put the lamb under his arm and walked towards the house, Victor leaping up at the fluffy creature in a state of great excitement.

Hadley put it on the mat before the fire and watched it lap up a saucer of milk. Victor kept looking at him inquiringly.

"Well, what shall we do with him?" queried Hadley aloud. "I suppose it's up to us to get his leg stuck together. Shall we?"

Victor clearly acquiesced. Hadley made splints and carefully bound up the broken limb, much to the lamb's disgust.

The lamb's progress was watched with great interest. Victor soon got on intimate terms. In a week they were gamboling together on the hearthrug—Victor on his back and the lamb calmly walking on him. When Victor got rough Hadley would cry, "Mind his leg, Vic," and Victor immediately became contrite.

Woodrow witnessed this strange change in Hadley with intense interest.

"What are you going to do with the lamb?" he asked.

"Keep it. Victor would never forgive me if I got rid of it. See here, Woodrow, if you find out whom it belongs to tell 'em I'm ready to pay for it."

Woodrow nodded.

"How's the chapel going?" queried Hadley.

"Not well at the moment," said Woodrow. "Frankly I'm more concerned about the township. They've got another epidemic—diphtheria. It's hard luck on top of such a bad winter. Most of the settlers are disastrously poor. The lambing has been bad—half of 'em died with the cold. There are bad times ahead for some of them. We had four deaths last week—all children. They might have lived under proper treatment but I am the only one who knows anything about medicine—and then not much."

"And they pay you?"

"They can put something in the Chapel box if they've a mind to, but half of them can't afford it. Anyhow, medicine and advice are tolerably cheap. But I'm afraid about this epidemic—it's spreading like fire and I'm not capable of dealing with it—it's too big."

Hadley sat and thought long after Woodrow had departed. Victor was at his feet blinking at the blazing fire—well fed and groomed. Hadley thought of the affected children down there in Charlesville, suffering in their miserable hovels.

"What do you think about it, Vic, old boy?"

Victor stretched himself and yawned.

"It doesn't seem fair on them somehow—poor little devils. Well, I suppose it's the way of things."

But he knew in his heart it wasn't the way of things. Part of this wealth of his would have made all the difference spent in the right direction. What had he done to merit it? Did he merit it because nature had endowed him with a quick, clever brain? How came he in possession of all this land? Could any man lay absolute claim to any



single piece of land. He sat here as a pampered puppy whilst those very people in Charlesville fed him. He grew not an ear of corn or produced a single thing to satisfy his needs. He had never even troubled to find where the food came from. Zoom attended to all that. And now children were dying.

Woodrow's next call was a fortnight later. He wore a tired look and was more silent than usual.

"It's the epidemic," he said. "I—Hadley—I feel so utterly impotent. They swarm to me with their poor little kiddies . . ."

Hadley walked up and down. He suddenly stopped and faced Woodrow.

"Look here, Woodrow, you're worrying yourself gray. I've been wanting to repay you for your nursing of me. Will you let me give you a cheque?"

"Thanks, I rather not . . ."

"But think what it would do—for those people."

Woodrow bit his lip.

"I did what little I did because it is a man's plain duty to help others in the time of need. I am needing nothing but extra strength to carry on. . ."

"But the children—?"

"You didn't make that offer to them?"

He looked at Hadley with his unflinching eyes. The latter moved his hands nervously. Even now he hated to confess that he was growing "sentimental."

"I—I mean it that way," he said, in a low voice. "If you'll turn your Chapel into a hospital I'll equip it with as many beds as it will hold, and get nurses and doctors from Vancouver . . ."

Woodrow grasped his hand.

"Now you're talking," he said. "By Jove, that is the best news I've heard for many a day. Excuse me, I'm going—"

"Wait," said Hadley. "Here's a check for five thousand dollars, use it as you think fit. And get this cable through to Vancouver—it'll fetch them up in quick time."

He handed Woodrow the cable and the cheque and watched him disappear through the woods. It was only then that he remembered he had omitted to ask him not to mention his name in the matter.

"What's wrong with me, Vic?" he said plaintively. "I must be going crazy."

But it was a craziness that gave him a peculiar kind of pleasure. He was eager to find out what Woodrow was doing and if the nurses had arrived. After a lapse of five days he called for Zoom.

"Get the trap, Zoom—I'm going to drive into the town."

Zoom was too well trained to exhibit any surprise. He saw Hadley off and immediately sneaked Victor into his cabin to talk with him in the queer language the dog understood. Hadley, in the meantime, approached the township. He tried to adopt an air of nonchalance as he drove up the main street, but failed utterly. He saw Jake gossiping with another man and the pair of them actually raised their hats. Higher up a crowd of women smiled as they recognized him. Well, it was better than scowls, anyway!

He found Woodrow in the improvised hospital as busy as a bee. The cots were arranged all round the walls and were all

occupied and the vestry had been turned into quarters for the staff, who had all arrived—two doctors and four nurses. Hadley was prevented from going into the ward by a doctor who caught him in the act.

"Bad cases," he said. "Are you Mr. Hadley?"

"I am."

"It's time they had decent water in this town—we have to sterilize every drop. Want better wells?"

"We'll see to it," said Hadley.

He went away with the sensation that he had done something really worth while. He had made millions with far less pleasure than this. He had hit on one beautiful truth. There was greater joy in giving than receiving.

## CHAPTER XVII

### ABE SUFFERS AN INTERRUPTION

HADLEY'S mind would have presented an illuminating picture could it have been revealed to the public gaze. In a vague, mysterious way he became conscious of inner growth. He made no mistake in its origin—it dated from the time that Victor had repaid evil with good. Woodrow had said there was a key to Life, and that Victor had found it. Was Hadley finding it, too?

The snow was going, the birds were coming back. Throughout the wonderland in which Hadley moved, the spirit of Spring was awakening. Under the departing snow the earth was green. Buds were already bursting on the trees. Hadley spread out his hands to welcome these things, and as their significance dawned upon him, he realized that this indescribable "something" within him was the most wonderful thing in the world.

Only once more he went shooting, and that was destined to be the last time. He shot two birds, and then felt near to breaking down as he saw the limp, drooping necks, and the still, warm bodies. It came to him with a shock that he could not kill another thing. Life was different now—fuller. The epidemic had been swept to oblivion by the skill of the doctors, and Woodrow's chapel was changed back to its former state. Lives had been saved by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars. How marvellously cheap!

He got home to find a letter awaiting him bearing an English postmark. It was from Chetwynd, and was very brief. He wanted to buy Prince Victor back under the terms of the arrangement.

Hadley sat and stared at it with horror. He remembered the promise, and he had never broken his word. What could he say now? Life without the dog would be unbearable. All those delicious romps would cease. The place would be as dull as a cemetery. He remembered that Victor was included in the purchase price, and therefore must be bought back. It gave him an idea. He scribbled a short reply.

"You can have Prince Victor for Twenty Thousand Dollars."

A few days later, roaming over the hills at the back of the house he made an astounding discovery. He was curious to examine the extreme end of his land, that

lay beyond the small plateau where he had met the bear. His illness had prevented him doing this before. He climbed the hill, and was glad to find that it affected him little. His recent smash-up seemed to have been completely repaired.

He crossed the bridge over the ravine into which he had fallen, and had a revisitation of horror as he looked down into the dark hole. Somewhere down there was the bear. But for Victor he, too, might be there now—rotting. . . . He shuddered and hurried away from the place.

He was descending the slope towards Wandering Creek when a queer smell assailed his nostrils. It was the smell of burnt wood. He followed his nose, and came upon the origin of the smell. A huge tunnel had been excavated, and at the further end of it were ashes, still warm. On one side was a big heap of "muck" and all round the unmistakable evidence of mining.

"That's queer!" he muttered. "Someone has been here within the last few hours."

Then he discovered Abe's tent half a mile away. Quickly the truth burst upon him. He saw that the tent was pitched in "free" land, and guessed that the owner was quite aware that the mine lay inside private property.

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The knowledge aroused his bitter antagonism, but it was no use adopting bull-rush tactics. This cunning thief would merely laugh at him. The only thing to do was to catch him in the act of taking the gold. He walked up the hill, and took up a position from where he could watch all movements below without exposing himself to view. He waited patiently for three hours, but not a sign came to relieve the monotony. As a matter of fact, Abe, at that moment was asleep.

Growing tired of watching he tied a note to Victor's collar and said "Zoom!" Victor rushed off and came back with the mute. Hadley pointed out the tent.

"Watch here, Zoom. If you see a man leave that tent and come across in this direction send Victor to me at the house. Don't show yourself."

Zoom nodded and Hadley departed. The afternoon passed and nothing happened. He climbed again up the hill and found Zoom and the dog sitting together with their eyes glued on the tent.

"No sign, Zoom?"

Zoom shook his head.

It puzzled Hadley. He began to theorize and hit upon the truth. The warm ashes were evidence that a fire had been going within the past few hours. This man must work the claim at night, knowing that in the daytime he ran the risk of being seen.

He felt certain this was the case. He sent Zoom back and then returned himself with Victor. After the evening meal he confided in Zoom.

"Zoom, I'm going up the mountain. There's a man taking gold from us. He works at night and we have to catch him—savvy?"

Zoom nodded excitedly. He went out and came back with a coil of strong rope, intimating that he would bind this miscreant with it and bring him up to the house. Hadley took two revolvers and prepared for

the adventure. He shook his head as Victor looked at him appealingly.

"No, old boy, you'd only be in the way tonight—sorry."

He and Zoom mounted the hill. At the top they halted. The strong smell of burning wood was wafted on the wind and a few hundred yards away gleamed the lights of two lanterns. Now and again they heard the sound of a spade driven into the earth.

Hadley set his teeth and breathed hard.

"He's working. Zoom, can you get behind him with the rope. I'll go straight at him."

Zoom made a queer clucking with his lips.

"Better take a gun," said Hadley.

Zoom shook his head and tapped his belt significantly. Hadley knew that beneath his belt was a keen-bladed knife.

"All right, but remember you must not use it unless it becomes absolutely necessary."

Zoom departed into the darkness with the silence of a shadow and Hadley crept softly down the slope. He got within twenty yards of the digger and saw him for the first time. Abe's gigantic figure looked like a colossus in the mysterious light of the lanterns. His coat was off and his huge knotted arms handled the spade as though it was a match stick. Hadley heard him grunting as he removed the earth at terrific speed.

"A giant," he muttered. "He'll be a tough customer to handle."

He grasped the revolver firmly and advanced still nearer. He was within six yards before the digger heard his feet crunch on the snow. He stopped digging and peered into the darkness.

"Don't move!" called Hadley. "I've got you covered."

Abe looked in the direction of the voice.

"Tain't a hard sort of a job covering a chap like me," he replied. "Step right up."

Hadley promptly stepped into the arena of light. The blue nose of the revolver glimmered but six feet from Abe's chest.

"So I've got you—you marauder."

"Have you?—don't look like it."

Hadley laughed grimly.

"There are six nasty little messengers here," he said wagging the revolver.

"Meaning—in the pop-gun?"

His cool impertinence nettled Hadley.

"Hands up!" he shouted.

"Can't put 'em up," said Abe. "I'm stiff all over. This yere ground is like lead—my back's clean broken."

Abe was measuring with his eye, the distance to the nearest lantern. His foot was already tingling. He reckoned with any luck he could lift the lantern clean into Hadley's face with a quick swing of his leg. But something happened before that. Hadley opened his mouth and said "Zoom!"

Abe had no idea what the strange word meant until he felt a jab like a needle between his shoulder blades, and realized that a strong arm had encircled him with a rope. He had had enough experience with knives to know when they are wielded by experts. This one evidently was.

"Tie him up, Zoom," hissed Hadley.

He caught sight of the silent dusky figure of the mute, and wasn't taking risks

with the knife. Instead, he performed an old trick. Quickly he filled his lungs with air, to their utmost extent. His great chest expanded to an extraordinary degree as the nimble fingers lashed his arms to his side. Hadley stepped behind him and stuck the nose of his revolver into his back.

"Step," he ordered. "And no nonsense or—"

Out of the light of the lanterns Abe exhaled his enormous intake of breath. He felt the bonds slacken, and knew he would have no difficulty in getting his arms free.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To the house. In the morning I'm going to jail you."

"Wal, if that ain't kind! And for why?"

"For taking minerals off my land."

"Your land?"

"Yes—my land. Does that surprise you?"

"It sure does. I got a certificate in my pocket that gives the ownership of that claim to a pard of mine."

Hadley gave a cry of astonishment.

"What's that?"

"Gawd's truth. If you're out proving that land is yours, you've got some job on."

"I think my titles are good enough," said Hadley.

"And I don't," retorted Abe.

"We'll see."

"Yep, we shall."

"All the land down to Wandering Creek was held by an Englishman named Chetwynd since '94. I bought it from him."

Abe laughed.

"My certificate for that little bit—250x 250—is dated 1893, so I guess that other guy you mentioned must have stolen it."

Hadley began to wonder how much truth lay behind this. It seemed inconceivable that Chetwynd could have made a mistake.

"You say you have the certificate on you?"

"Sure. You can have a slant at it when we get into the light. It's in my side pocket."

They approached the verandah from which shone a bright gleam of light. Abe let out his chest again to tighten up the loose bonds. Hadley stopped.

"Find that paper, Zoom."

Zoom searched in Abe's pocket, and produced it. Hadley stared as he read the certificate, and saw that the location was on the land bought from Chetwynd. On Abe's part it was sheer bluff. Under the law Hadley had full rights to the land, but he guessed that Hadley would scarcely be cognizant of the conditions under which mining rights were secured.

"Are you James Gregory?"

Abe nodded. His lungs were ready to burst, and it was all he could do. Hadley put the papers back into Abe's pocket.

"I don't believe these are genuine," he snapped. "Anyhow, that can be proved later. In the meantime I've got you, and am going to put you in jail."

He flourished the revolver as Zoom opened the door.

"Get inside," he ordered.

Abe let his breath out, and for a moment looked like a deflated balloon. He ducked, pulled out his arms with a gigantic effort, and caught hold of Hadley's legs. In two seconds he had the revolver in his hand,

and was driving Hadley and Zoom before him into the room.

"So long," he cried. "I reckon you ain't heard the last about that claim—no, by ginger!"

He banged the door and went flying back towards the camp. Arrived there he began to pack up and clear out. He found the gold dust he had wrested from the mine—a matter of 200 ounces, worth probably three thousand dollars—and hid it in his big pack.

He sighed as he realized that this was the end of his digging operations. His mind turned to Maurice. By this time he would probably be bound for Charlesville with Eloise, filling her ears with the glad tidings. And all there was to go to her was three thousand dollars.

Anyway, it was no use crying about it. Three thousand dollars was probably more than Eloise ever possessed, but Maurice in his enthusiasm, had talked about \$100,000.

He found a new pitch for the night a few miles away from his late abode and in the morning shifted again to the end of the valley just outside Charlesville, to await the arrival of Maurice.

"Gosh—it's a bad bunch of news to tell him," he ruminated. "He'll be mad I don't doubt."

He wondered whether the man at Redgap would apprise the Sheriff and offer a reward for his capture. He realized that escape would be difficult in his case—his size gave him away and lots of men would be glad to put their hands on a reward of a few hundred dollars.

"Wal, I ain't getting captured till the kid turns up and that's flat," he muttered.

With which he went to bed and dreamed of bears and other big animals, the hunting of which was his idea of Paradise.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### FLIGHT

TO Eloise the weeks seemed to pass on leaden wings. It was only after

Maurice's departure that she realized how much he meant to her. The saloon seemed dull and drab now. Even the vociferous receptions given her by the habitués of the saloon, when she sang, failed to fill the hideous blank in her life.

For the first time in her young life she became aware of an external necessity, and that necessity was undoubtedly Maurice. It frightened her a little as she realized this fact, but it brought her uncommon joy even amid her loneliness. She counted the days as they slipped by, marking them off on the calendar each morning with a great sigh.

As the fourth week neared, new life stirred in her bosom. She flung herself into her singing with more than usual fervor. The subject of her songs changed slightly. They were a little gayer. The old melancholy note vanished, and she poured out her soul in praise of life—and love.

Archie, who played the piano as never before, was a different being. One missed the tumbler of raw rum which had always been in evidence a month back. His hair, too, was less lank. It was, in fact, remarkably tidy. To him these evening concerts were



sheer unparalleled delight. To have that voice near him, breathing romance and music. . . . Poor Archie! His had been a strange career. He had missed every chance in life through a craving for strong drink. They had sent him packing into Canada with a thousand dollars in his pocket to make good or go to perdition, and he promptly took the first turning to the latter destination.

Eloise never knew this. She only knew that he was of good birth, that he spoke and acted as a gentleman, and that he possessed a heart of gold under his somewhat unprepossessing exterior. His drinking habits had at first disgusted her. She made no attempt to preach to him. She simply looked at him, when after a song, he reached for the ever filled glass of rum.

The look had more effect than sermons of words. Archie found it impossible to gulp rum under that imploring glance. Two weeks of that treatment produced wonderful results. Eloise noticed that the rum glass was no longer present during the time of song. He may have made up for it during the early part of the day, but at least he was sober during the evening.

After a time even the morning drinks were stopped. He found that they had lost some of their old appeal. For ever he was running about for new songs for Eloise. Finding a dearth of suitable music he struck the idea of composing something of his own. For a whole week he worked in his tiny room and fashioned two very excellent songs. Timidly he showed these to Eloise. She was amazed at the beauty of them, and rehearsed them with him prior to singing them in the saloon. They were received with tremendous applause, for he had charged both the music and the words with a delicate sentimentalism which touched the hearts of these rough men. Every night the two songs were demanded. Eloise sung them in the spirit in which they were conceived.

"Archie," she said, "those are beautiful songs. I had no idea you were a composer."

"It's the way you sing them," he replied. "No other person could sing them like that. You seem to understand just what I meant to put in, and couldn't."

"I think everything is there—everything. How does it go—

"Oh give me back my life again,  
Back to the first beginning,  
Changing the loss to plentiful gain,  
Bitter defeat to winning  
What most my soul desires . . ."

His thin face glowed as she hummed the music. Then he shook his head.

"Too much remains unsaid."

"What remains unsaid?"

"The unlimited ambitions of man. The mad dreams of a drunken fool who saw heaven open and deemed himself almost worthy to step therein—until he remembered."

It came to her with a great shock. She knew by the look in his eyes what he meant. She might have known it before but for Maurice, who occupied all her thoughts.

"Archie—"

"It's all impossible, of course. An insult. Please forget it. . . ."

His painfully contrite eyes brought a pang to her heart.

"I—I never guessed," she said, sadly.

"Would a goddess sink to the indignity of looking into the heart of a degenerate?"

"Archie—you hurt me. Insult? Don't you see that clean, wholesome love is not to be disparaged like that. But I wish I had known—I wish I could have saved you from this. . . ."

He gave a great sigh.

"Say no more—I understand. There is someone . . . ?"

She closed her eyes as she remembered that that "someone" was due in a very few days.

"Eloise," he said, "Don't tell me if you'd rather not. Is it the man who went away with Abe a month back?"

She nodded.

"I'm glad of that."

She stared at him.

"I've knocked about a bit and have met real men, and rattlesnakes. I'm a good judge of men—that's why I'm glad."

His generosity brought tears to her eyes. "It takes a good and brave man to say a thing like that—in the circumstances, Archie. I almost envy the woman who is lucky enough to win such unselfishness."

"She doesn't exist—at least, not outside this room. Eloise, if he loved you why did he go away? If he had stayed I should have guessed, and have saved you this annoyance."

"He went on my behalf, but he's coming back soon."

"And does he know you . . . ?"

The question brought a flush to her cheek. She had been cornered into confessing her love for a man, without the means of knowing that that love was reciprocated.

"I don't know," she replied, in an embarrassed voice. "I—I told you my secret because there was no way out of it. I oughtn't to have told you. It was shameful."

"If he doesn't, I'll . . ."

Eloise smiled as she became conscious of the purport of his unfinished words. She imagined the weedy Archie in physical combat with the muscular six feet of Maurice. Then there was Abe, who would most certainly object to seeing Maurice mauled for the misdemeanor of refusing to love a girl against his will.

"Perhaps there won't be any need for that, Archie," she said.

He looked at her glorious face with its delicate softness, and its fresh coloring. He caught the gleam of happiness in her tender eyes.

"I should think not. No, I don't think he is quite an imbecile."

They laughed together and the rather painful incident was bridged over. Archie took the disappointment like a man, and refused to brood over it. He found that it had brought them closer together. His role of aspiring lover changed to that of patient, faithful brother. They occasionally walked together, and talked over music and literature, on which subjects he was fully primed.

The weeks passed and no word or sign came from Maurice. Eloise strove to keep down the anxiety that was possessing her, but each day she grew more pensive, less

like her real buoyant self. Archie strove to bring a grain of comfort.

"It's bad going over the mountains," he said. "Any small misadventure may have put them back. He'll come all right—have no fear."

Never by the least innuendo did he display any doubt as to Maurice's faithfulness. Moreover, he could not imagine that any man would be fool enough to fail to return to such a girl as Eloise.

"You're a dear, Archie," she said. "No girl ever had a better brother."

"Ah, that is the penultimate rung in the tall ladder of my ambition. If I could fill that position I'd never look down again."

She smiled.

"I can at least promise you that."

At the end of the tenth week terrible fear began to possess her. She came to Sullivan with pale face.

"I can't sing tonight."

"Eh?"

"I'm not well."

He looked at her intently and saw that her hands were twitching nervously.

"Wal, don't," he said. "I guess I ain't skunk enough to drive you to sing if you don't feel up to it. You take a rest and I'll send a doctor to have a look at you."

"I don't want a doctor."

Sullivan knew perfectly well she did not. For weeks past he had been expecting the arrival of Abe and Maurice, and the end of these remunerative concerts. When they failed to return he was, at first, mightily pleased, but now he wouldn't have minded so much. He was sincerely, paternally, fond of Eloise. He found that his customers were much better behaved when she was present, and that business, though not on the whole as profitable as in the roaring, boisterous days of Sal and her sisters, was certainly much pleasanter. He began to believe in the good, steady, respectable business. The loss of Eloise would hit him hard, but—well, he wanted that darned hefty Abe and the kid to come back—and that quick.

That evening wasn't a great success. Men came to hear Eloise sing, and refused to have Archie as a substitute. Since there was no singing they contributed a few songs on their own and broke quite a number of things.

Archie, sitting miserable, at the piano, thumped out a few ragtime airs while the men danced and generally "carried on." The exercise made him violently thirsty and he called for a dose of rum. It lay there on the top of the piano for some time. He kept looking at it, thinking of the girl upstairs and wondering whether it was playing the game to take advantage of her absence. It remained there, untouched, when the night wore on and the crowd dispersed.

During the night Archie had strange visions. He imagined he saw Maurice, alone, wandering through terrible country, ill and tottering. The thing was so vivid that when he woke it still lived in his brain. His thought was not so much of Maurice, but of Eloise. If something had happened to him and he never returned it would break Eloise's heart. Suppose it were true—and dreams are strange things.

He saw Eloise for a few minutes the next morning. She seemed even paler than before.

"Abe and the other man . . ." he said. "Maurice!"

It was the first time he had heard the name.

"Yes. Where are they coming from?"

"Charlesville—in the Fraser Valley. But you haven't heard anything . . .?"

He shook his head, and saw hers droop lower.

"I was only wondering," he said.

He found a map, and a few hours later was hitting the trail in the direction of Charlesville, with a big pack strapped to his back.

\* \* \*

Twenty miles from Stickine a man was tottering down a mountain side. His steps were slow, uncertain, and his face was almost black with the terrible experience he had been through. It was Maurice. He had started on the journey with a light heart, feeling certain of getting through. In the ordinary way he would have succeeded easily enough, but the fates were against him. A terrific snowstorm obliterated the trail and hopelessly fogged him. For days and days it snowed unceasingly. Tired of waiting for the weather to clear, he had set off in the teeth of a blizzard. In this pitiless, terrible thing, the worst that could possibly happen happened. He drove the sled and the whole team of dogs over the edge of a precipice.

He found the dogs—two thousand feet below—all dead. He took as much food as he could carry, and the poke of gold-dust, and set off on foot. After that it was all like a dream. He remembered feeling dazed and ill. He remembered even resting for a whole week—a week that was very much a blank. All the vicissitudes that followed were faint and far away. He fed himself automatically until he discovered that nothing edible remained in the pack. That was two days back.

Now the end seemed near. He laughed madly as he realized how successful he had been in missing every habitation. But for his stubbornness this would never have happened. He had taken the mountain route because it promised to save two days. And now he had wandered for—how long—?

Despite his numbed brain he knew he must be near Stickine. If he could only last out a few hours . . . He stumbled along, weak and giddy. His foot caught in something and brought him to earth. He felt he wanted nothing better than to lie there and let oblivion overtake him—an oblivion from which he would never wake. Then came the vision of the girl's face shining through a strange mist. In the clear eyes there was anxiety—suffering. It aroused

him to a last effort. He dragged himself to his feet and started anew. But the limits of human endurance were reached. A few faltering steps and he fell again. This time he did not get up.

\* \* \*

A figure was bending over him, forcing brandy down his throat. He had seen the figure before somewhere, but he could not think where. The next thing he was conscious of was a warm tent with a lamp hanging in the centre of it and the same mysterious figure feeding him with soup. He fought for fuller consciousness and found it.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Ah, that's better. Here, have some more."

He swallowed more soup and felt much better. He looked into the eyes of his rescuer.

"Why, I've seen you—in Stickine!"

"You have," replied Archie. "I play the piano for old Sullivan."

"That's it, but how did I get here?"

"I found you two hours ago, dead beat."

"I've had some queer kind of fever. It seems to have gone now. How far are we from Stickine?"

"Twenty miles or so."

He made an effort to rise. But Archie stopped him.

"I've got to get to Stickine at once. I promised . . ."

"I know, but you won't get there tonight. You may be fit enough tomorrow. But where is Abe and the dog-team?"

"I left Abe in Charlesville. The dogs are dead. I drove 'em over a precipice. Jove, there'll be a big bill to settle with Sullivan. But how did you know about Abe?"

"Eloise told me. I came out to look for you."

Maurice's eyes opened wide.

"She—does she think I ran off without any intention of coming back?"

Archie shook his head.

"She believed some accident had happened. That's why I came. But she doesn't know. Nor does Sullivan. There'll be ructions tonight when he discovers I am not there to thump the beastly piano. Since Eloise has been unable to sing . . ."

"Unable to sing? You don't mean that she sings in that place?"

"It was sing or starve. You wouldn't have had her starve, would you? Sullivan engaged her."

Maurice groaned as he remembered the women in Sullivan's place. His eyes flashed madly.

"The dirty hound!" he gasped. "God, to think of it!"

"If an angel should sing in hell would she be any less an angel?" queried Archie, calmly.

"So that was why Sullivan lent us his dog-team so willingly," ejaculated Maurice. "He wanted to get rid of us so that he could coerce Eloise into becoming a saloon-singer."

"Be fair to Sullivan. That may have been his primary motive, but nothing but good has come from it. Listen . . ."

Briefly he told Maurice of the immediate past, of the change in Sullivan, and the influence of Eloise upon the community. Maurice's anger evaporated. He furrowed his brow and sat far a while in silence. Then he suddenly shot a question at Archie.

"It was decent of you to come out and hunt for me. Why did you do it?"

\* \* \*

Archie turned crimson. The question took him unawares. He mumbled something inaudibly and started to get the stove going again. He heard a movement behind him and turned round to find himself face to face with Maurice. He said nothing—he simply stared unflinchingly into the questioning eyes.

"Is it that you—?"

There was no need to go further. The answer lay clearly written in Archie's eyes.

"Yes—I love her," he said, slowly. "You needn't worry, she doesn't love me, for a reason which may occur to you. I'm not in the habit of running about looking for lost men. I came because I'd do anything, clean or dirty, to help her. That may sound rather hard on you but—well, it's the truth."

Maurice gripped him by the hand.

"Thanks for that. I understand. But it's hard luck on you, old chap. Girl's fancies are queer things—I am not worthy of her."

"You are not. No man is" said Archie, simply.

Plenty of good food and a night's rest did wonders for Maurice. The fever had quite left him by the morning, and he was rapidly regaining his old strength.

"Think you can make Stickine?" queried Archie.

"I'm dead certain—and the sooner the better. Archie—was she very upset?"

Archie nodded. "You lucky devil," he said.

"I am. But it's the first luck I've had in my life. It's been one long succession of bad luck. First of all I had a very wealthy father. That's the unluckiest thing that can happen to any man."

"Agreed," said Archie. "I had one, too. It made me believe that I was born merely to spend his money."

"And after that—well after that I . . ."

The skeleton was coming out of the cupboard. He left the rest unsaid.

[ To be concluded in the July issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE ]





# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*Bits of prose and verse that have touched the hearts of eminent people in various vocations and walks of life—wide range of sentiment that runs the gamut of human emotion*

## THE LATE HARRY HOUDINI *Gave the Honors to a Mother Poem*

In the quietude of his library in New York, with mountains of books piled here and there, the late Harry Houdini looked at me with the steady gaze of a gladiator, glowing with a light of kindness, which seemed uncanny.

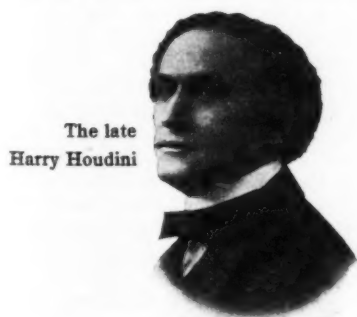
"My Heart Throb?—it is expressed in six lines by an author perhaps you never heard of—George Griffin Fetter, and it comes to me over and over when I think of my sainted mother.

"The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,  
The holiest words my tongue can frame,  
Unworthy are to praise the name  
More sacred than all other.

An infant, when her love first came—  
A man, I find it just the same;  
Reverently I breathe her name.  
The blessed name of mother."

With scarcely a pause, he continued, "You know, Joe, my career began with a traveling circus at the age of nine Appleton, Wisconsin. It was my mother who applauded my first trick, worked out in the family woodshed, picking up needles with my eyebrows, while hanging by my heels. In the forty years that have followed I have never had an audience that inspired me so much as that mother-look. She made me feel that I had something in me to do which no one else could do."

A few days later Houdini entertained a number of guests in my Attic with the fa-



The late  
Harry Houdini

mous needle-swallowing trick, which was witnessed with bated breath. When he finished, he turned to me and said: "You remember what I told you about needles? Well, I never do that trick without thinking of my mother, and that's why I sent in my first contribution to your Heart Throbs, which still remains my favorite bit of verse."

Few human beings ever had more adventurous experiences than the Master Magician. Audiences in all parts of the world were thrilled with his seemingly superhuman achievements. He declared that his first task was to conquer fear. "My one great impulse in life has been to free myself, not only from physical shackles, but from mental bondage. That is why I have no patience with those who prostitute a perfectly natural but unusual achievement to mislead people into beliefs that human beings can communicate and work visibly through the invisible to unerringly forecast human events and play upon credulity and take money under the guise of mediums."

His early and untimely death at fifty-two was the physical price he paid for unparalleled achievements, but he passed away a Crusader beloved, with the beautiful letters from his mother as a pillow for his head in his eternal rest.

## RAYMOND L. DITMARS

### *Finds Snakes a Real Symbol of Wisdom*

The reptile, however despised, feared and condemned, has one understanding friend. Raymond L. Ditmars, of the New York Zoological Park knows much about reptiles, and he claims for them wisdom, which is their symbol. The curator sees more in the snake family than Elapidæ, Crotalidæ, or Pelias, because he sees personalities, variations, dispositions and even character and languages. He will tell you that the snake is an unfortunate organism, with its yearnings to stand erect, handicapped in many ways and with a limited (if effectual) power of defence.

The subject had to be changed abruptly when I asked the busy curator to tell me what verses he cherished. His prompt response was no surprise. "I like Gray's 'Elegy.' It is rather brooding and sorrowful I will admit, but somehow it has a very restful, beautiful effect on me."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

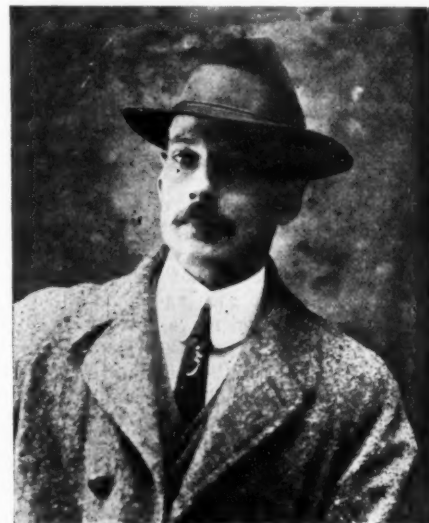
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The morning owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as wandering near her secret bower  
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Parsing and analyzing these classics in the older methods of studying English, has done much toward shaping the taste of men. Long before the beauty of the lines were appreciated they were caught fast in memory.

Professor Ditmars belongs to a large company of our contributors who have



Raymond L. Ditmars

owned that this "Elegy" gave a heart throb and pensive memory. Raymond Lee Ditmars was born in Newark, N. J., in 1876 and studied at Bernard Military Academy in New York. This might have been one of the reasons why he was drillmaster during the Spanish-American war, and why his varied experiences in newspaper work on the *New York Times* led him to the position of assistant curator of Entomology in the American Museum of Natural History of New York.

As he handed me his contribution in typewritten form, he continued: "I have visited the country churchyard where Gray wrote his famous poem and sat on the very tombstone where he was supposed to have sat when writing the lines, and an experience like that gives one a deeper sense of appreciation of any work of art." Thus the man spoke who loves the lines,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

## FREDERICK CONVERSE

*The Composer of "Flivver Ten Millions"*

When I asked Frederick Converse, one of America's famous young composers at the New England Conservatory of Music, to give me his "heart throb" he replied promptly—"Emerson's 'Threnody' in times of sorrow:

"The south wind brings  
Life, sunshine and desire  
And on every moment and meadow  
Breathes aromatic fire.  
But over the dead he has no power,  
The lost, the lost cannot restore  
And looking over the hills, I mourn  
The darling who shall not return.

Silent rushes the swift Lord  
Through ruined systems still restored  
Broad sowing, bleak and void to bless  
Plants with the worlds the wilderness.  
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow  
Apples of Eden ripe tomorrow;  
House and tenant go to ground  
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

He continued: "Walt Whitman's 'Mystic Trumpeter' was my inspiration for a tone poem—a fantasy for an orchestra. Again, his 'Whispers of Death' has intrigued me with those stately lines, 'Darest thou, now, O Soul!' These choice sentiments have helped me over hard places."

The composer was born in 1871 and studied in Boston at the N. E. Conservatory of Music and at Munich. While at Harvard as Professor of Theory and Composition, he composed a Sonata Festival of Pan, oratorios, symphonic poems and tone poems. Professor Converse completed last year his "Flivver Ten Million,"—jolly and captivating—a symphony, which has been played in Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, England, Russia, South America and on to South Africa, by famed symphony orchestras. Apollo has remained to worship at the shrine of the Auto and caught the universal flivver spirit of the hour. The idea first came to Mr. Converse while glimpsing a billboard announcing the "Ten Millioneth Flivver," but his own words best tell the story:

"I set about this composition at first for pure amusement, but it turned out to be, quite frankly, program music. What other product of the age has so entwined itself about the lives of our people? The ancients had their Scylla and Charybdis; we have our semaphore and 'traffic cop',—all equally perilous to pass. I believe the moon shines as tenderly in Westwood, Massachusetts as ever it did on the banks of the Euphrates."

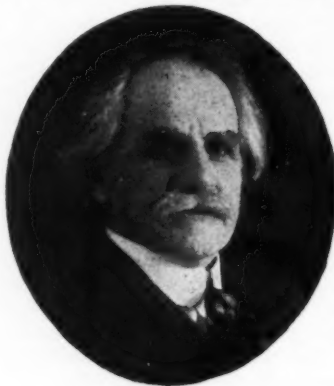
The first movement begins with the "Dawn at Detroit"—Chanticleer crowing—the city stirring; on to the march of workers in the factories, interpreting the din of industry in musical phrase, interwoven with snatches of American airs. Then the Hero of Industry starting out on the great wide-world quest of adventure. The tender May-time moonlight music follows, suggesting the fragrance of vine and flower by the roadside, and the atmosphere of love's light fancy and peacefulness, after which follows the joyride—ecstatic!—typical of the American spirit of humor and frolic. Now comes the Collision—"American tragedy"—and finally "Phoenix Americanus," the

Hero, arises righted and shaken, and proceeds on his way with redoubled energy, typical of the indomitable spirit of America.

\* \* \*  
HAMLIN GARLAND

*Gathers Inspiration from John Burroughs' Verse*

Somehow I feel as if I were sitting in the house of a sturdy pioneer when talking with Hamlin Garland, although it might be in a city hotel room. Born in Wisconsin, and at one time taking up "a claim" in Dakota, Hamlin Garland answered me like a true New Englander when I asked him for his favorite poem. "At six or seven it was 'The Old Arm Chair,' then 'Snow Bound' was a favorite in early life,, and later Lowell's



Hamlin Garland

'Courtin''. He also spoke of Stedman's "Doorstep." Perhaps Wisconsin snow storms are no different from ours and with him we enjoy

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray.

and the cozy warmth of home on a stormy night means just as much in Dakota as in Whittier's state.

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

awakens a sentiment common to all.

"I should have to lead you through my favorite authors," continued Hamlin Garland, the eminent author of "Main Traveled Roads," "for there is Longfellow, Tennyson, Swinburne and Browning, but perhaps the hopeful and tender verse "Waiting," by the late John Burroughs, is cherished above many others, because I was blessed with an intimate friendship of the author. "Although I am in no sense a naturalist I had grown up in the woods of Wisconsin and the prairies of Iowa; and had traveled through the Rocky Mountains enough to know something about animal life. Perhaps that qualified me for the cherished friendship of the Sage of Slabside. My children, who loved him always called him 'Oom John.' My heart throb is found in what John Burroughs thought of friendships, expressed so nobly in these lines:

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, not tide or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate  
For, lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?

I stand amid the eternal ways  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

\* \* \*  
The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave comes to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high  
Can keep my own away from me.

"John Burroughs was an essayist, a stylist of singular clarity and precision, and above all, a poet."

Teaching school was an activity in the early life of Hamlin Garland who was born in West Salem, Wis., in 1860. Educated at Cedar Valley Seminary, he began to write in 1877. A great traveler, he is familiar with our country from Alaska to Central America. A Director of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, with a summer home at Oteora, New York, he still maintains a busy pen. With others he has sought to solve the great riddle of the origin and life of the American Indian, and finds even rhythmic melody in the beating of the drum and poetry in the motions of the Red Men while carrying on the traditional dances of the ancient people.

\* \* \*  
PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER

*Finds Henley's Poem His Favorite*

"I am the master of my fate, I am the Captain of my soul" were the words that rang in my ears when Irving Fisher of Yale responded to my query as to his favorite poem. "Invictus" is a poem beloved by many. It has a vital meaning to me," continued the Professor of Political Economy at Yale.

Some years ago, Irving Fisher fought a desperate battle with the waves at Narragansett Pier. He made the shore, but the real battle was to follow in winning back his health. Out on the plains and hills of the Southwest he passed what to many would seem like wasted years, seeking physical strength. It was a bitter interruption to his life work, but he proved the master and won health. There was time to think in these days, when he stored up not only health, but a real philosophy of education. During these bitter early days he vowed that he would do everything in his power to establish a world-wide campaign to spread knowledge about the prevention and treatment of disease. The first step was to organize the Commission of One Hundred for stamping out—as far as possible—the scourge of tuberculosis. A vast amount of literature and information was sent direct to the people, and public sentiment was so aroused that improvement of conditions was immediately apparent. So vital were the results that it seemed to overshadow his real work as an expert economist.

When a caller came to consult on an important topic, he interrupted the interview to suggest a brisk run in the open. The visitor assented. After the "flight" the Professor unraveled expeditiously the problem with his usual straight, clean-cut reasoning.

I was relieved that he did not propose this when I called on my Heart Throbs quest.



Professor Fisher was born at Saugerties, N. Y., and was the son of a clergyman who proverbially have to practice real home economy. After studying in Berlin and Paris, he chose Political Economy as his life work and became editor of the *Yale Review*. His "How to Live" has been of great help to people all over the world. His own early misfortune has wrought something of a tremendous practical value to others. It was logical that the lines of "Invictus," imbued with a creed that inspired his own indomitable will, should be credited in playing a part in the victory and remain his prime favorite. Looking at him as I departed, the lines of "Invictus" sounded the clarion notes of triumph in my mind associated with the life as well as the favorite poem of Irving Fisher:

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the full clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond the place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

\* \* \*

#### MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT

*Assistant Attorney General*

*Welcomes the Heart Throb Poem in "Work"*

In the Department of Justice at Washington, I talked with the first woman who has ever assumed departmental responsibilities. Mabel Willebrandt was then immersed in prohibition enforcement matters as Assistant Attorney General of the United States. She looked up at me and repeated the words of her favorite Heart Throb; with more feeling than is evident in prosaic court proceedings:

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear;  
but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

She insisted that there are many poems which she greatly admires but that the lines quoted from Second Timothy stand out above all else. Just above the fireplace in her sleeping room, Mrs. Willebrandt has the verse framed and fitted into a panel.

In what seems to us, incongruities of taste in some, cannot apply in this case, for the chosen thought completely coincides with the life of one who has accomplished so much good work and has lifted herself to a position toward which most able men might aspire. Of the splendid achievement of Mrs. Willebrandt it might be said that she typifies the very advancement of women in this western world. She is so distinctly feminine at heart that one likes to speak of the "sweet reasonableness" about her.

The young woman lawyer, born in Woodsdale, Kansas, in 1889, attended first the normal school, then the University of Southern California and for some time was principal of the Lincoln Park School at Pasadena. She was admitted to the bar in 1915. She practiced law in Los Angeles and attended over two thousand cases as public defender of women.

This clear-headed woman of splendid intellect is an example of what hard work and determination can accomplish. Legal honors are not so easily acquired as others open to musical and literary aspirants; law can not bend to any artistic variation but proceeds out of sound judgment and clear thinking. Beside her favorite line from Holy Writ, which has so influenced her life, we must believe that she also subscribes to to force in Angela Morgan's hymn to work.

"Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it  
Passion of labor, daily hurled  
On the mighty anvils of the world.  
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it  
What is so huge as the aim of it?  
Thundering on through dearth and doubt  
Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend  
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;  
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills  
Doing whatever the spirit wills—  
To answer the dream in the Master's heart.  
Thank God for a world where none may shirk  
Thank God for the splendor of work!"

Mrs. Willebrandt confesses, "The older style in architecture appeals to me and after some thought I purchased an old mansion in Mount Pleasant. The stateliness of the rooms, the firmness of construction had their lure as did a well established garden, all ready for cultivation—and all this was inviting because it was a call to work!"

\* \* \*

#### HON. JOSEPH W. FORDNEY

*Finds Heart Throb Timber in Edgar Guest's poem*

"The things that touch any God-fearing, God-living man or woman, are the sweet little faces that can be made happy by the gifts of Christian people," said Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, author of the Fordney tariff bill. The poem by Edgar Guest arouses every drop of my blood and all the milk of human kindness that flows through my veins.

"He wondered where his money went  
And how his kindly gift was spent  
He'd never followed day by day  
The dollars which he gave away,  
And so they said, 'Let's trace them down  
And go with them about the town.'"

They led him to a crippled child  
Who looked at him and bravely smiled,  
He gazed on doctors kind and wise  
Restoring sight to little eyes.  
He saw health start to glow again  
On faces that were white with pain.

A brave boy stepped across the floor  
Who had not walked alone before  
In haunts of misery and strife  
He saw dawn of happier life  
'But few of these,' they said, 'would live  
If men like you refused to give.  
If but one crippled child should smile  
You'd count your sacrifice worth while.'  
When asked to give, recall these scenes  
And understand what giving means."

Hon. Joseph Warren Fordney, former congressman of Saginaw, Michigan, is as sturdy as the forests that he penetrates. I was with him while the Fordney Bill was being fought and I thought that his rugged

determination was not unlike the great oaks and pines that he knew so well. He was born in Blackford County, Indiana, in 1853 and migrated to Saginaw where he is engaged in a most extensive lumber business. He was a prominent figure in national life from the fifty-seventh to the sixty-seventh congress—a Republican leader. I have always felt that my belief in human kind had been strengthened after contact with "Joe" Fordney and the reason is shown in his choice of a poem to express sentiments that lay close to his heart. Something, too, must be said for Edgar Guest whose verses are so eagerly watched for by the reading public. Not the skill of writing gives them their popularity but their philosophy of the hearth and universal appeal.

\* \* \*

#### MRS. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

*Selects a Heart Throb Tribute to "Work"*

In her pen pictures of Washington life Frances Parkinson Keyes has given many a public official and popular foible a jolt by her candor. The favorite poems of this author are imbued with a creed emulating work. Considering the amount of literary work she has accomplished, she can join with Angela Morgan in proclaiming:

"Work!

Thank God for the pace of it  
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it.  
Fiery steeds in full control  
Nostrils a-quiver to reach the goal.  
Work the power that drives behind  
Guiding the purposes, training the mind,  
Holding the runaway wishes back,  
Reining the will to one steady track,  
Speeding the energies, faster and faster,  
Triumphing over disaster!  
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
And what is so great as the gain of it?  
And what is so kind as the cruel goad  
Forcing us on through the rugged road?"

The "Senator's wife" at Washington always finds inspiration in her environment and gives her reading public delightfully graphic glimpses of the places of interest she has visited. Whether as first lady of New Hampshire, when her husband, Henry Wilder Keyes was the Governor, or during her travels in the far East, she is always observing. Some of her writings have appeared in letter form and have the charm and personal flavor of an epistolary form—most difficult to do—that lifts the veil for the reader and carries him out of his own commonplace surroundings to partake of her exhilarating experiences in fancy.

She converses as she writes, in a direct piquant style. "A poem on work by Henry Van Dyke," said Mrs. Keyes, "has always spurred me on to redoubled action and always renewed my courage. I have recited it many times in public speeches, as a poem that sums up my feeling about my own profession."

"Let me do my work from day to day  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say  
When vagrant wishes beckon me away  
'This is my work; my blessing not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.'"

*Continued on page 472*

# Tickleweed and Feathers

A little fellow in one of the lower grades had done something wrong. Teacher found it out, and after a slight reprimand told the lad that he would have to "apologize or go home." Without the least hesitancy the boy took his cap from the rack and left the room.

A few days passed and the vacant seat in the classroom began to prey upon the mind of the teacher. She informed truant officer Brooks, and he immediately went to the home of the boy. His fatherly interest in the boy resulted in this explanation:

"Teacher told me to 'pologize or go home. I don't know how to 'pologize but I did know how to go home."

—*Brockton Enterprise.*

The only vehicle at the station was a dilapidated four-wheeler. This Mrs. Swift perforce had to hire. Her luggage was put on the top, and she stepped inside.

After a few minutes she put her head through the window and spoke to the driver. "What are we waiting for, cabman?" she asked.

"Waitin', lady?" exclaimed the cabby. "We ain't waitin'! We've started!"

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

He was staying at a country inn and left his shoes outside his room over-night to be polished. In the morning, however, he found that they had not been cleaned, and promptly complained to the landlord.

"I left these shoes outside my door last night," he said, "and this morning I find that nobody's even touched them."

"Bless my soul, sir!" replied the landlord, "That's no wonder. Nobody wouldn't touch 'em here—you could have left your watch and chain outside if you'd liked. We're honest folk."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

## Wanted to Collect

Stage Manager—By jove, that's a nice thing to happen on the stage now.

Proprietor—Eh? What's up?

Stage Manager—The hero and villain are doing their duel act, and the latter won't die until you signal him that he'll get his arrears of salary at the end of the show.

—*The Pathfinder.*

Dick—If I mailed a letter addressed to "the dumbest man in Chicago," I wonder who they'd deliver it to?

Oswald (immediately)—They'd probably return it to the sender.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Did you marry that girl of yours, or do you still cook your own breakfast and mend your own clothes?"

"Yes"—*London Tit-Bits.*

\* \* \*

Mable—Did you read my poem in the Daily Clarion?

Tom—Yes, I bought the paper and I'll say the poem was worth the price.

—*Kansas City Star.*

\* \* \*

The prosecuting counsel had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length, exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him whether he knew any of the jury.

"I know more than half of them," replied the witness.

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the man of law.

"It it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of 'em put together!"

\* \* \*

An ambitious young man decided to learn Spanish and had asked his teacher to tea in order to further their acquaintance and map out a course of study.

And haddock was served, the linguist explained different Spanish combinations and pronounced them. Finally, however, there came a strange sounding word pronounced with evident difficulty.

"And is that another Spanish word?" asked the young man dubiously.

"No," replied his guest; "that was a fish-bone."—*London Answers.*

\* \* \*

The dirtiest tramp on earth presented himself at a farmhouse door.

"Could you let me have a bar of soap, lady?" was his surprising request.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mistress of the house. "You're the first tramp I ever saw who wanted to wash."

"Wash, nothin'! I want to use it to fake a fit."—*American Legion Monthly.*

\* \* \*

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung power. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from Heaven didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:

"I say, Ma?"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for getting rid of him, do you?"

A Scotchman bought a horse at a fair and started on his long homeward journey with it.

When he stopped for refreshment the horse declined its hay. Later on it refused water, and appeared quite indifferent to a rest by the way.

"Ye don't eat," said the Scotsman, "an' ye don't drink, an' ye don't rest. If ye're a guid worker, I think ye'll suit me grandly."—*London Tit-Bit.*

\* \* \*

A Scotsman staying in a London hotel requested that a glass of whiskey be left in his bedroom for his use when he returned from the theatre. Next morning the waiter tapped on the door and asked if he had found his drink all right on the previous evening.

"O, aye!" answered the Scotsman. "It was there all right; but mon, that was a terrible siphon ye left me. When I used it the rush of water was sae terrible that it washed the whisky oot o' the glass and nearly ruined everything in the room."

"Siphon, sir! I didn't leave one. You must have used the fire extinguisher!"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

\* \* \*

"Ye're a hard worker, Dooley," commented Casey to his fellow laborer. "How many hods av mortar have yet carried up that ladder today?"

"Sh, man!" whispered Dooley. "I'm fool-in' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up an' down all day, an he thinks I'm work-in."—*American Legion Monthly.*

\* \* \*

They were talking about a young man who had just passed them in the street.

"Yes," said one, "he fell in love with a girl at a glove shop. He bought gloves every day for a week, so to discourage his attentions she became a manicurist."

"Then he had his nails manicured every day I suppose?" remarked the other.

"Just so. But I don't think he will worry her any more."

"Why?"

"She's found employment with a dentist."

\* \* \*

The sick man was well on the way to recovery.

"Mary, I shall never forget it," he told his wife. "Your sweetness to me through this trying time shall always be like a golden corner in my memory. Why did you do it?"

He paused dramatically, hoping to hear a whispered confession that her love was the great motive. Instead, she replied, calmly: "Well, John, who wants a widow with four children?"



# If You Ever Glide Through the Everglades

*You'll realize that Barron Collier was not drowsing when he came into possession of his vast holdings in South Florida, nor was George Merrick sound asleep when he dreamed Coral Gables*

By FARQUSON JOHNSON

*President Punta Gorda Chamber of Commerce*

THAT long cherished dream of the residents of southwest Florida has at last materialized. The far-famed Tamiami Trail is open and is now in full operation. From Miami to Tampa and back again, and at all way stations, they are singing its praises. John Doe and Richard Roe have gone over it already, and Tom, Dick, and Harry are expected along almost any moment now. It's going to be a popular route, and soon "gliding o'er the Everglades" will become the most pleasing pastime of these plebeian purlieus.

The Tamiami Trail as we know it now is about 284 miles—from Tampa to Miami. It is not as straight as the proverbial crow flies, but eventually the few crooked pieces will be straightened out, when it will form a true crescent. It has an advantage over other routes in that it has few crossings—practically none outside of such cities as Fort Myers, Punta Gorda, Sarasota, and Bradenton—through which it makes its way from Miami to Tampa, and whence it gets its name, Tamiami. It passes through seven counties, those to the south being undeveloped merely for want of highways—for as Sam Hill says, "Transportation is the measure of civilization"; and without transportation there is no cultivation—no development of these fertile muck lands.

But first let us discuss the opening of the Trail. When it was learned that the Shriners' convention was to be held in Miami during the first few days of May the state road department had reached a point in its gigantic task where it could name an opening date—a day when the work would be completed. April 26th was determined upon as the day when the tremendous job would be finished. Up and down the line the good news was heralded and soon preparations were being made for a celebration of the event that would go down in history.

First, a general committee was established, with Barron G. Collier as chairman, and Clint Bolick of Fort Myers, executive secretary; then with such outstanding men as Mayors McKay of Tampa, Lathrop of Bradenton, Sewell of Miami, John Ringling of Sarasota, Capt. W. H. Johnson of Punta Gorda, I. E. Schilling of Miami and E. P. Green of Bradenton—the last two being members of the state road department—it necessarily must become an affair long to be remembered throughout the state.

Assisting agencies in the carrying out of the plans were the chambers of commerce from fourteen cities along the line, automobile associations, county commis-

sioners, city officials, and an organization known as the Tamiami Trail Blazers, a party of doughty explorers who fought their way through the Everglades in flivvers, consuming more than twenty days in accomplishing their task. This occurred five or six years ago, and today one can make the same journey in about three hours.



Farquson Johnson, President of the Punta Gorda Chamber of Commerce

With all these enthusiasts working together for the good of all, the ultimate success of the Trail opening was assured. And yet to one man alone is largely due the credit for this fitting celebration: Barron G. Collier—known to his host of co-workers as "B. G."—planned the affair and saw that it was carried to a successful end.

Away back in the dim past, before the exciting times of 1925 in the state of Florida, Mr. Collier had a vision of the Everglades reclaimed; and so he began to accumulate acreage, and whatever else was available, in southwest Florida, from Punta Gorda on south and southwest; until at the present writing, besides being the controlling spirit in more than a million acres of land in Collier county, his bus lines cover the Trail, his telephone system connects the cities along the Trail,

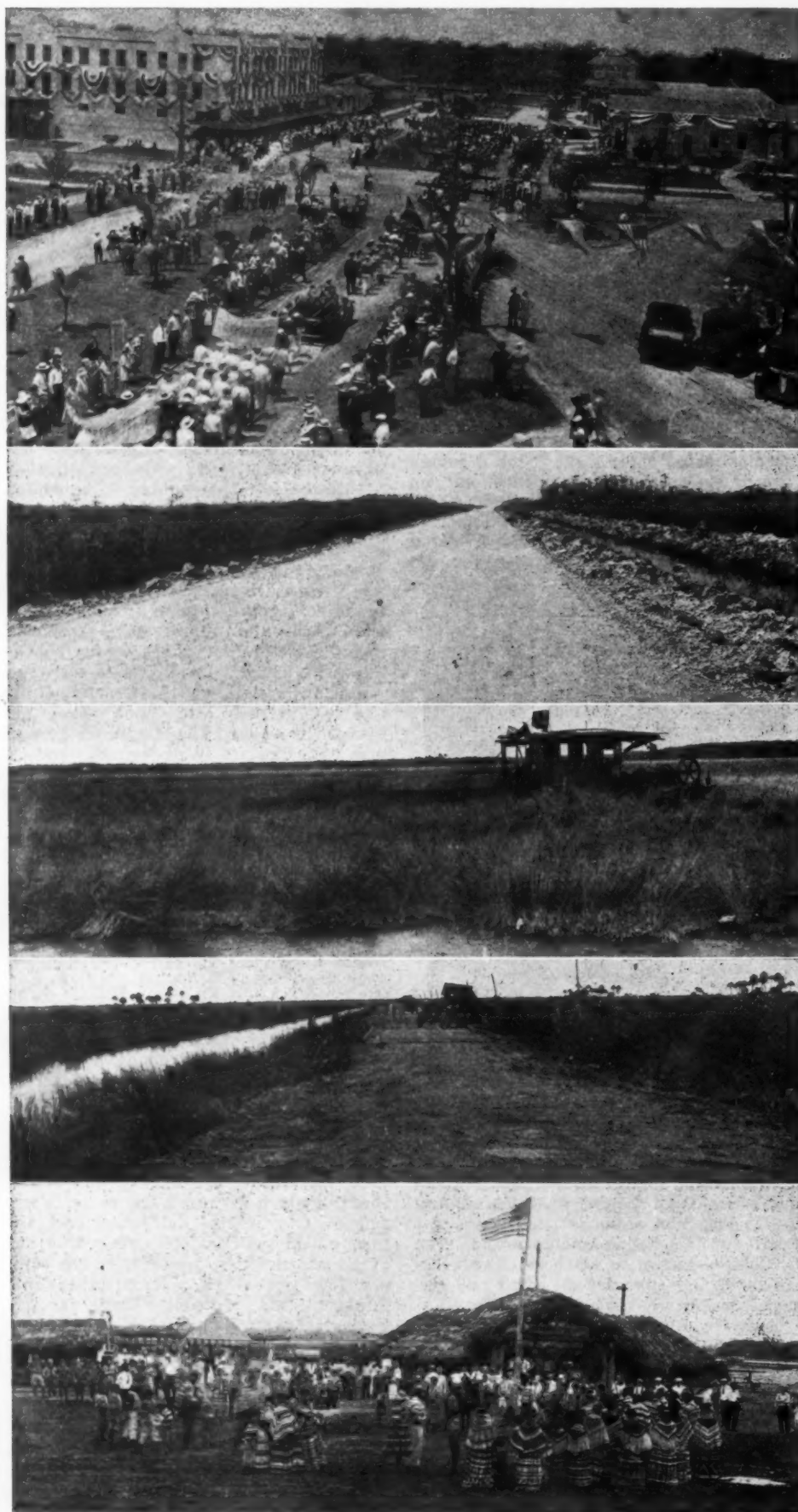
his hotels—beginning with the magnificent Hotel Charlotte Harbor at Punta Gorda—dot the coast line, and Collier boats carry freight and passengers from Tampa to Everglades—the latter being a little city built by him, lying four miles off of the Trail but within sight of the Gulf of Mexico and right in the heart of the famous Ten Thousand Islands—fishing grounds with a world wide reputation.

Now, back to the opening. The dedication ceremonies took place in the city of Tampa on the evening of April 24th. Representative men from all over the state attended this function. Chambers of commerce sent delegates; supporters of good roads sent representatives; advocates of the beautification of the state, those aiming to make of Florida the beauty spot of the earth, which naturally she is, were represented; and Trail boosters from far and near were in attendance. From our own town we sent Captain A. B. Tucker, who with Captain W. H. Johnson has exhibited more vigilance in bringing the Trail to our own doors than anyone else in our vicinity. And so perhaps each community sent its chief instigators to represent it at the dedication—and the Trail was properly dedicated.

The next morning promptly at 8:30, there rolled out of Tampa a motorcade the like of which was never before known, wending its way southward to officially open the Trail. Through Riverview, Parrish, and other small towns it went, to be greeted at Palmetto by the entire populace, and then across the new Green bridge, and on into Bradenton, where it was joined by other motorists; thence on to Sarasota where a stop was made for luncheon, and then on through Osprey and Venice to Punta Gorda.

To illustrate the reception accorded this vast motorcade by the various cities through which it passed, one example will suffice: Our official delegation met the throng near the Charlotte county line; led by a local motorcop we escorted the caravan down across the concrete bridge into Punta Gorda, looping them around through the principal streets and past places of interest; thence back onto the Trail, to stop for a few moments for a little souvenir—a key to the city, on which was stamped "Punta Gorda, Sportmen's Paradise," attached to a card setting forth the beauties of our community—and then the procession moved on out of town along down the Trail and into Lee county.

Arriving at Fort Myers about five o'clock that evening it was arranged to spend the night there, a fitting program



Celebration scenes at the completion of the far-famed Tamiami Trail

of entertainment having been prepared for the visitors. After dinner the multitude gathered at the city recreation pier to listen to a band concert until eight o'clock. Then there came welcoming addresses by the mayor, the county chairman, and a welcome to the Everglades by an Indian chief—for be it known that the Seminoles never have given up their rights in the premises. There were short addresses made by various distinguished men from up and down the line, interspersed by vocal and instrumental music—a most pleasing program in its entirety.

Again at 8:30, promptly, the next morning, the huge motorcade was on its way southward, bearing east a little, to Estero, Bonita Springs, and Naples, the latter place—about 170 miles from Miami—being the real beginning of the Everglades on the west. At Carnestown the motorcade swung to the right to make the four-mile trip down to the city of Everglades, where the Collier county fair was being held. Every imaginable native product was exhibited there, including poultry and Indians—fruits and flowers in profusion; vegetables of all kinds, including George Ade's common garden variety; specimens of tropical woods; a rare collection of shells from the surrounding waters of the state; skins, hides, and furs; ornaments and whatnots made from native fish scales; school exhibits, municipal exhibits, and county exhibits—a real, old fashioned county fair, largely improved by modern methods. Again Barron Collier stepped into the breach and fed the hungry hordes—a barbecue—a free fish fry—and only those went hungry who were too late to have their noses counted.

Promptness seemed to be the spirit of the motorcade, and once more promptly at two in the afternoon the long line of cars struck the Trail for the east coast. For upwards of eighty miles we sped along this solid rock road, nothing to the right of us, nothing to the left of us, nothing—as some poet has said of some other barren waste—"Nothing but the widening mere, far and near." It isn't clear just what is meant by this, but if the poet means nothing other than a broad expanse of nothingness, it describes that part of the Everglades through which the Trail passes.

On toward Miami, perhaps thirty miles from Coral Gables, to be more exact, are seen cultivated patches—truck gardens—sticking their green heads above that rich soil. There are said to be several millions of acres more of this productive soil in the entire Everglades area, but only a small portion of it is visible from the new Trail.

The motorcade was met at the eastern end of that long, long Trail by hundreds of cars—it looked more like thousands—that fell into line and wormed a way through Coral Gables, passing the many places of interest; thence through the city of Miami, joined there by military bands, boy scouts, and military companies that escorted the cars along to the first causeway and over to Miami Beach, where another loop was made of interesting points;

*Continued on page 472*



# Syria Under the League Mandate

*Side-lights in a territory assigned to France as a mandating power—Changes that have come to the areas of the Levant since the World War—Orphans saved and trained by the Near East Relief leading the way to solve problems of the future*

By HERBERT L. WILLETT, JR.

WE sailed into the lovely harbor of Beirut about dawn and the stately mountains above the tile-roofed city welcomed us. We drove through streets we had known and the sun and dust made us feel at home. But except for these old friends evidences of change bobbed up much more often than familiar faces and we soon found that Syria is a new land for all the fact that it was old and civilized—by the standards of

we landed that exchange was 76, that exchange was 368, and that exchange was 321. It sounded cryptic and we sought information. But apparently everyone was so used to fluctuating values in their money and to counting in different sorts of coinage, that they could not quite fathom our ignorance; and so they just kept repeating what we had already heard, but not understood, about "exchange." Finally we found a friend who would speak in terms we could grasp, and discovered that the value of the Syrian pound, or *lire*, a paper unit, was counted in relation to the dollar, the Egyptian pound, and the Turkish gold pound, and that the numbers cited above were the number of *piastres* (one hundred to a *lire*) to be had that day for the respective foreign coins. That meant that if a price was given in *piastres*, all one had to do was to make the proper mathematical calculation in reference to a dollar to know what he was paying. But if the dealer spoke of a pound, it made a lot of difference whether he was talking of Syrian, Egyptian or Turkish, and one had to get his terms defined before starting to bargain.

That was bad enough, but the difficulties of holding on to any money were increased by the fact that the exchange rates were anything but stable, that a dollar had recently been about 55 *piastres*, that it was supposed to be about 25, but that *piastres* were constantly going down.

In the midst of all this shifting of values the French, of course, want as much as possible to control the standard; and as the Syrian monetary system is based on the French, and a *franc* is always five *piastres*, they have decreed that the *piastre* and Syrian pound must be used in all public transactions and in advertising. That means that a company doing business in American automobiles, and buying in dollars, still has to advertise in *piastres*, and faces the difficulty that it either cannot give a definite price for a car except as of the exact day the price is set, or else it has to abide by the advertised cost, whatever happens in the meantime to the value of *piastres*. And by the same token the Fabre Line, a French steamship company plying between Beirut and America, which has to have a fairly fixed schedule of prices and cannot use the dollar as a standard in France or Syria, gets for its accommodations varying amounts and has to give to the passenger who buys at 90 just the same service as it owes the passenger who bought at 80 and paid considerably more money. Then the passengers get together on the ship, compare prices, and not realizing the reason for the differences, blame the company for discrimination.

It is natural that as soon as the bankers get the day's exchange rate the business men

of town find it out and set their prices for the day accordingly. And those prices are never to the disadvantage of the seller, however great the shift in money values. But contract prices are in another category, and rents and wages are the ones which, under this heading, cause most trouble.

The first man we bumped into was a foreign soldier, and we soon had the feeling that a large army of occupation and a small group of citizens were on the street. It was not so much because of the great number of soldiers, I suppose, as because they were not there before the war and their uniforms make them conspicuous in all places. But there is certainly no illusion as to the fact that the country is under strict military control, exercised by a few French soldiers, a number of Indo-Chinese troops, a large contingent of Senegalese, and a considerable staff of French officers. The various uniforms are vastly diverting, and it is always interesting to see



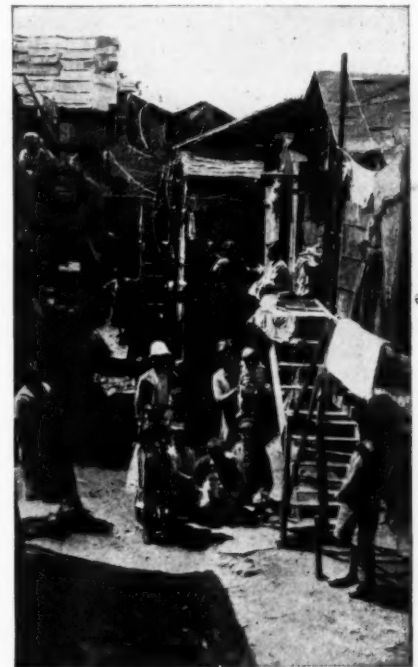
Herbert L. Willett, Jr.

the day—when Abraham passed that way as a wandering desert sheik.

Before the World War I was in Syria as a teacher in the Syrian Protestant College, and Syria was a province of Turkey, where we lived in the shade of the "capitulations." During the war I was there still as a teacher, but also as a neutral, a Red Cross man, an unwilling witness of human suffering, for we were in a pocket of the war where there was no fighting, but into which seeped the backwash of deportation, of massacre, of army camps without hospitals, of smashed villages; and our passports were not worth much, for a Turkish regime of blood was in power.

Recently I visited Syria again to renew acquaintances and felt like an explorer, for now the country is a mandate of France, the Turks are gone, and the world-wide story of post-war change is intensified.

Of course, tourist-like, we encountered the money problem first and found in it all the exciting uncertainty of speculating or playing a lottery. We were told almost the moment



Refugee camp at Beirut, Syria

the cone-shaped helmets topped with brass worn by the yellow men, as squads of them march to and from duty or drive army carts of provisions to the different camps; and to watch the ebony faces of the cheerful, white-toothed Senegalese standing on guard outside camps and ammunition depots. Of course none of these soldiers can speak Arabic, so any intercourse with the people is out of the

question. But they are on strictly good behavior, and there is little reason to take exception to their presence.

In addition to the army of occupation there are native police in considerable numbers. They are under Syrian officers, but general French supervision and direction, and aside from the almost arrogant assertion of the dignity and importance of their position

phase of that perpetual and world-wide jealousy; but it is bothersome to the tourist and worse on the merchant who wants to go from one section to another. He must have both visas. They cost money and the perpetual passing of officials takes time. So a handicap is put on business between the sections. In one case we found a lad waiting with two other men on the French side of Lake Huleh.



Harvesting grain with cycles in Armenia

which they manage to inject into their dealings with poor mortals not in uniform, they are a valuable and creditable force. They direct traffic and police in the cities, and keep the mountain villages as peaceful and the roads as safe as possible, meanwhile stopping and recording automobiles as they pass in order to check up on licenses. If they would only add to their duties that of arresting reckless speeders along the roads, they would be invaluable. But as that would incarcerate about ninety per cent of the drivers, perhaps there is a reason for their neglect of this matter.

Not the least of their duties is to check passports and visas, and in this they are a great trial to the traveler. On a trip to Jerusalem we were stopped and our passports looked at no less than eleven times, the British and French parts of the country being equally careful. Part of the ordeal is, of course, to make sure that the last cent of vise cost is collected. But one suspects that an additional item is the desire to enforce a new and very precious authority. We found all the soldiers very curious about our business, and the fact that Mrs. Willett spoke Arabic always led to a great series of questions, without exception ending in talk about America. They all want to come over; few are satisfied at home. Perhaps, after all, their impressive exercise of authority is simply a cloak to cover the feeling that they have very little real power in their own country, and so want to make the bit that is conceded them as showy as possible.

The matter of visas between the French and the British holdings brings the inevitable outcropping of rivalry that never fails to come when these two powers come into contact, generally with trouble to the innocent bystander. It is, in this instance, a very small

They had come with a camel train composed of five men. They were really needed to help care for the camels and carry on the trade. But visas for them would cost money, for which they had other uses. So they saw the caravan cross with two men, and sat for several days waiting for its return, putting in the time cursing the system that seemed to them bootless and troublesome. We agreed with them that a far better and less irritating system of taxation could be arranged.



Birdies at Sidon Birds' Nest doing their daily dozen

A mandate territory should pay its way, but people are seldom grateful even for good government, especially when an outside power forces them to pay for it. So the hard-working mandate officials have to suffer much contumely. We talked, for example, to many carriage and automobile drivers, and their criticisms were all along the same line, and can easily be summed up. One driver had lost horses to the value of over \$3,000 when the Turks were in control during the war. From being a livery stable owner he was a simple driver with one team. All he

asked was a fair chance. But he has to pay a tax of nearly \$100 a year to drive, and in addition a tax of about \$15 for permission to draw up to a sidewalk and wait there for a fare. (That tax is certainly ingenious!) Then his barn is taxed, the horses' food is subject to heavy tax, and the rate he can charge is set. As a result, he must make two pounds a day to come out even on bare expenses, and that means five hours' work before he begins to get money for his own food and the support of his family. It would be bearable if he could always get fares, but there are far too many drivers in town for all to be busy all the time, and so he has many wasted hours, during which to brood. There is no other work that he can get. Naturally he is no contented upholder of the mandate system. Another man, who drives an auto, pays the above taxes, but at a somewhat higher rate because he is allowed to charge more per hour. In addition he has to pay five dollars for his license and to waste most of a day getting it.

We missed our German and Austrian friends, for whereas nationals of our war enemies are perfectly at home in Palestine under the British and have suffered only in the requisitioning of public buildings, in Syria they have lost all their holdings and have been entirely excluded. It makes Beirut seem very strange not to have the Sisters' School and the many other institutions and families that were strongholds of Teutonism during—and, of course, before—the war.

I have noted many changes in the country, but there is one that we did not see, a new mind in matters religious. There are old divisions, rivalries, antagonisms are still rife and ever-present. A police officer in the uniform of the British constabulary guards the Grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem, just as Turks used to do, to keep peace between rival Christian priests. As we drove to Jerusalem we were not allowed to go to Nablus because it is a strong Moslem city, and it was the feast of Bairam, when all the

people were out celebrating in the cemeteries, their usual picnic grounds. They were in jovial mood, but it was just as well not to rush Christians into their midst. On the ship going to Constantinople we met a celebrated Turkish lady who had been visiting in Beirut, and she told us that she hated the city, because when she went about unveiled the Syrian Moslems spit at her and threatened her for the "immodesty" of which all Turkish Moslem women are today guilty. Then in Jerusalem we heard an interesting story of the priestly war. The church of St.



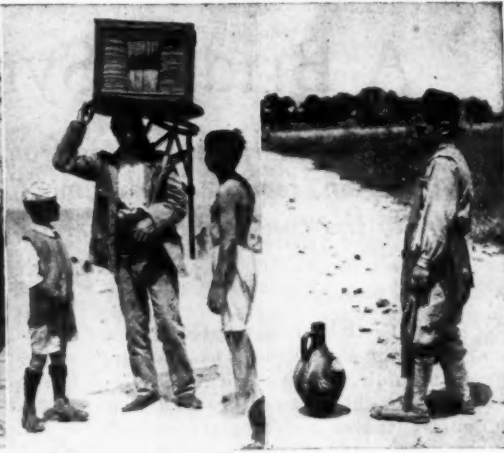
In spite of the extreme poverty of the Near East, the streets still present occasional picturesque sights.

*The lemonade man;*

*The lamp-chimney vender greets an old friend;*

*Trying to interest two boys in the native flat cake whose texture resembles our own popular Nabisco;*

*The water boy.*



*Old dancing Bruin still a favorite entertainer in the Near East, with his picturesque satellites.*



*The organ grinder with his ornate music box;*

*The corn doctor, his sign printed in five languages, has no use for western seclusion but practices his vocation on the pavement;*

*The chicken seller.*



James preserves as a very sacred relic the head of James, the brother of Our Lord. Other sects have coveted it, but of course it is not for sale. Recently a rival group asked the privilege of saying a mass at the altar over the head early one morning, and the night before sent a small hand organ to be used in the service. But in the night the guardian priest heard a strange noise and found that instead of bellows and reeds the organ concealed a man, who was zealously digging under the altar. Needless to say, there was no service early in the morning, but when the organ was taken away by its owners they found that the angel of death had mysteriously visited their priest-digger. Thoughts of revenge may be harbored, but

for the present the incident is closed, just one of a long list of events in the history of misdirected religious zeal. No one group is more to blame than another, but all are guilty, Christians of many creeds, Jews, Moslems of various sects.

This is the country where America is finding an ever widening market for our manufacturers, where an American university and a number of preparatory schools are training leaders of the next generation, where 80,000 Armenian war refugees are struggling back to self-support and economic stability with some little help on our part; and where what has been called the finest piece of international philanthropy in the history of the world is doing its work, in the orphanages and

schools of the Near East Relief. When we are asked to contribute to the \$6,000,000 campaign which is to give the organization the sinews of war with which to fulfill its commitments to children and refugees, we must realize that foreign officials, native soldiers, people dazed by changes in their traditional modes of living, helpless refugees, bickering devotees of a variety of faiths all are watching a new generation of children growing up in their midst, war orphans who are being given a chance in life, on whom rests the solution of the problems of the future.

So, after all, the finest thing we saw in old-new Syria and Palestine was a happier time ahead, into which American trained orphans are leading the way.

# A Bridge Symbolic of "The Union"

*The Arlington Bridge, leading from the National Capital to Robert E. Lee's old home town at Arlington, regarded as a symbolic memorial of the Union of States—Lincoln's Order led to the consecration of Arlington as the resting place of America's honored dead*

By CASSIE MONCURE LYNE

SINCE the Civil War has faded into a scar of honor across the breast of our great republic, the historical associations of that mighty drama are bringing much tourist travel to Virginia, which rivets attention on Arlington—the manor house of the Custis-Lee family. It is one of the many beautiful tributes the U. S. Government has paid to the memory of General Robert E. Lee to call the bridge now being built across the Potomac, "The Arlington Bridge"—and a curious coincidence of fate occurs in the fact that Col. U. S. Grant III, the grandson of the Hero of Appomattox, is the civil engineer in charge of this work. The foundations already show well above the turbid waters of the Potomac; and it is the plan of those engaged on this work of art, to thus link the Lee Highway with the Lincoln Highway—in a fitting memorial to the great idea embodied. As the buffalo was the original "path-finder" of the American roads, which follow in the wake of trails and traces, this animal will be shown on the pylons—while rising in eternal sublimity, the Doric columns of old Arlington house will loom always against the background of Virginia hills, as a silent witness to the occupancy of the Lees—around whose homestead have bivouacked the greatest of the Nation's mighty dead. Close by the Washington monument and Lincoln Memorial mark the passage of time, like giant mile-stones in the history of the Union. In the Hall of Fame, in the nation's capitol, Virginia has placed statues to her two greatest sons, Washington and Lee; and the history of the old commonwealth that is the mother of states, links forever these two names—both of whom were born in Westmoreland County. Gen. Robert E. Lee married the great granddaughter of Martha Washington; which made his family inherit the most sacred relics of General George Washington, most of which were housed at Arlington until the outbreak of Civil War.

The Lees built houses that were to endure; for Ditchley in Northampton stands as one of the finest samples of colonial durability; while today few buildings present such a solid foundation as does "Stratford," the Lee estate in Westmoreland, where was born General Robert E. Lee and also both of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee. The former was the orator of the Continental Congress and would have written the Declaration of Independence but the illness of his wife forced him to return to his native state; so that as second choice of the convention, the honor fell to Thomas Jefferson.

Francis Lightfoot Lee seems to have been a most practical man, for he insisted that the country must enter into no treaty with England that did not guarantee the rights of fishermen on the Newfoundland coast and also to rights of navigation of the Mississippi river.

The Stratford Lees intermarried with the Corbins, Ludwells, and Carters; while the Ditchley Lees intermarried with the Eus-

ter General Blair, who acted as Lincoln's agent, Gen. Lee had been proffered the command of the Union army—in April 1861.

Due to the lack of funds, so the War Department claims, no steps can be taken now to carry out the restoration of Arlington house as it was in the days of the Lee-Custis family. An act of Congress, approved March 4, 1925 authorized the Secretary of War to restore the beautiful old manor to



Arlington House

tares, McAdams and Moncures; and both families married into the Fitzhugh families and Masons; thus making a skein of genealogy that would take the patience of Old Mortality to unravel. But, though worthy many of them were;—as Governors of Virginia, patriots and soldiers;—yet on Gen. Robert E. Lee, who married Mary Fitzhugh Custis, centers the attention and admiration of the world. This united the house of Stratford with the house of Arlington; for General Lee never owned Arlington, since it belonged to his wife and was left after her death, to go to Gen. Custis Lee, from whom the United States Government secured the estate by an act of Congress; paying a legitimate price for the same, as a perpetual National Cemetery—for it ceased to be a Lee home when General Robert E. Lee resigned from the Army of the United States and drew his sword in the defense of his beloved Virginia against invasion—which was the saddest day of life. Through Preston Blair, father of Postmas-

its former glory; but the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriation, has prevented the fulfillment as yet to this sentiment. It is estimated that it will take \$100,000 to repair the Arlington house; and to secure the furnishings for the same after the period of that era; for the real Lee and Custis possessions are scattered beyond recall. It was the idea of the Michigan Congressman who fathered this bill that Arlington should be a shrine like Mt. Vernon; but when Ravensworth, the home of Mrs. W. H. F. Lee was recently destroyed by fire, priceless heirlooms went up in flames.

Many other obstacles stand in the way; for the Arlington house has long been used as the office of the cemetery's superintendent; so that a new structure for this purpose would have to replace it; and also the restoration of the lawn is simply impossible; for General Sheridan and other distinguished people, like L'Enfant who planned the city of Washington, are buried



there; as well as Admiral Porter and Admiral Schley—and thousands of soldiers who have bivouacked for “the long, long night.”

When the casualties of Civil War decided that a grave-yard must be started on the Virginia side of the Potomac, it was due to Meigs and Lincoln that Arlington was selected; for Meigs was very bitter towards Lee, who had been his dear friend, for siding with the South. Seeing some corpses being carried by, when Lincoln understood they were to be taken to the cemetery at the Soldiers Home, he ordered them interred at Arlington, which began then the great movement which forever placed the home of Robert E. Lee within the hearts of both North and South. It was a Mecca for Southern tourists as Lee had hallowed the spot; where he was married and lived with the Custis traditions linking his home with Mt. Vernon. The North came here to the funerals of her sons who died for the UNION—whose ashes they venerated.

When Lee with his family on April 20, 1861, set out for Richmond, the ties with Arlington were forever sundered, save as treasured memories. He was profoundly touched when the State of Virginia selected him as her defender; and said; “I would have much preferred had the choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid

of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword.”

This was General Lee's first and last and only speech; henceforth history was to speak for him. Virginia looked to Westmoreland to furnish her Washington for the Revolution; and turned again to Westmoreland for her Robert E. Lee for the crises of Civil War. Through the Custis marriage, the two families, Washington and Lee were linked in union; and the heirlooms of Martha Washington fell to Mrs. Robert E. Lee. But they were scattered in the sixties; some in the National Museum; others are at Lexington, Virginia and a few retained as priceless mementoes by the family. Miss Mary Custis Lee, General Lee's daughter, gave some of the china which the Society of Cincinnati had made for General Washington, to President Woodrow Wilson; and he generously left it as a part of the White House furnishings when his term expired.

The original Arlington furnishings included a portrait of Col. Daniel Parke by Sir Godfrey Kneller; other portraits by Sharples and Van Dyke; priceless silver sets and punch-bowl; Nellie Custis' harpsichord; the tent and bed of Washington; Washington's camp-chest and other relics; and many martial scenes that George Washington

Parke Curtis had himself painted. Mrs. Lee owned the medallion of Queen Anne that was accorded to Daniel Parke for bringing the news of the victory of Blenheim, where Parke fought with Marlborough. She also owned Gen. Washington's diamond knee-buckles; but never in her life did she or her daughters make any display of their possessions. The married life of the Lees was extremely domestic and as a family they were all devoted to each other; and General Lee extended his love to his sons' wives as to his own daughters. The peaceful quietude of Lexington brought them all together; and there General Lee ended his days amid the veneration of the Virginians.

John S. Wise in his “End of an Era” says, “Of General Lee's military greatness I shall not speak; absolute or relative; of his moral greatness, *I need not*—.. The man who could stamp his impress upon his Nation; rendering all others insignificant beside him; and yet die without an enemy; a soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay, clothing, and food; and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked and starving army; the heart which could die without the utterance of one word of bitterness; such a man, such a soldier, such a heart, must have been great indeed—beyond the power of human eulogy.”

## Marinoni “Master of Her Soul”

*Continued from page 448*

Her first poem, “Hospital Shadows,” written in November, 1926, was her novitiate, as she lay in the hospital ward, knowing that a woman was dying in the next room. Having heard her physician tell her nurse that she herself could never walk again, she called for pencil and paper and wrote the following, which has since been reprinted in 18 periodicals:

### HOSPITAL SHADOWS

Gray are the walls.  
The light of day comes trembling in  
From a gray laden sky,  
Wheeled on a stretcher, covered with white  
sheets  
The expectant passes,  
A look of hope on her distorted face,  
On her pale lips a smile.  
A door closes.  
Through the long hours with suppressed wails  
and moans  
The flesh battles the flesh;  
And then a cry rings out—  
A dismal cry of agony, echoing through gray  
halls—  
The price that down the ages women pay  
As holocaust to an angry God.  
Then a strange silence follows.  
The very air seems waiting for the cry  
That heralds a new life.  
A door opens.  
Gray are the walls.

The light of day comes trembling in  
From a gray laden sky,  
Wheeled on a stretcher covered with white  
sheets  
The vanquished passes,  
Tears on her flushed face;  
On her pale lips a sob.  
Unseen—unheard—follows the reaper, smiling,  
Clasping to his gaunt breast the tender prize.

While awaiting my coming that Sunday  
afternoon, she looked out her window and  
wrote:

### THROUGH A WINDOW PANE

Gaunt tree branches. A gray sky.  
An old rug flung over a barbed wire fence.  
A trash heap... cans... junk.  
Lowered shades. An old woman is dying.  
Children run after a dog, shouting.  
There is a can tied to the dog's tail.  
Give me a match, my cigarette has gone out.  
Her first book of poems, “Behind the Mask,” is a slender volume of 64 pages, containing 110 poems, that had previously appeared in 41 periodicals. Critics have been most gracious in their recognition of the new star in the literary firmament. Braithwaite, anthologist supreme, declares that her poetry “is an alluring blend of intellect and emotion” \* \* \* created out of the inexplicable mysteries that produce true poetry.” Others speak enthusiastically of her work

as “vivid as a macaw and spirited as a mocking bird,” “a fresh note in our American poetry,” her “unusual feeling for the color and mass of words,” “True, satiric, graphic lines,” “A peculiar power of expressing the unusual in sharp, sometimes startling terms,” “One of the exceptional stars produced by the present epidemic of poetry,” and Heywood Brown writes in the New York World:

“If Mrs. Marinoni will agree to let a single week pass without one short story, novel, saga, sonnet, epic or lyric, I'll paste up all my columns for that same period. Then on some Sunday morning we can cut loose after two days of hibernation and possibly astonish the world with a roaring, boiling, steaming torrent. Indeed, even if Mrs. Marinoni fails to join up I may paste the columns anyway.”

\* \* \*

Mrs. Marinoni says that H. B. McKenzie, editor of *Candid Opinion*, Prescott, Ark., accepted her first article; The Harp, Larned, Kans., published her first poem in May, 1926; and her first short story, “The Broken Plate,” was accepted by *Young's Magazine*; Chas. J. Finger, veteran writer of books, first encouraged her to “aim high.” She has aimed high, and she has hit the target oftener, in all probability, than any other contemporary writer in so short a time.

# Music as a Citizenship Responsibility

*An appeal for better music in every city, town, village and hamlet made in a convention which assembled in Philadelphia—Industrial responsibility of every citizen to help support music and better music in their community outlined as a duty of an American everywhere*

By CLAY SMITH

AT the Twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association held in Philadelphia, a Better Citizenship Conference was held, one meeting in Valley Forge, and another in Philadelphia in which the Declaration and Pledge given below was unanimously adopted.

This Conference was addressed by United States Senator Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio; by Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the United States; by Maude Ballington Booth, Head of the Volunteers of America; by Dr. J. Wesley Hill, Chancellor of Abraham Lincoln University; by Ex-Governor Milliken of Maine; representing Will H. Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, and by Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Scout representing the Boy Scouts of America.

Messages of endorsement and support came from Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Mayors of Cities, Heads of Chambers of Commerce, Editors, Educators, Ministers, and from Leaders in many other fields.

Here is the Pledge: THE INTERNATIONAL LYCEUM AND CHAUTAUQUA ASSOCIATION declares its conviction that the Spirit of 1776 that won us Independence must be the Spirit of 1928, that this Independence may be preserved.

*We believe* that the Liberty won in battle against outside foes must be preserved by continual battle against inside foes that produce Civic Apathy and National Decay.

*We believe* that the Patriotism of Peace is as noble, necessary and difficult as the Patriotism of War, for the inside foes never stop fighting.

*We believe* that material ideals of success and lowered moral standards menace today as never before the Citadels of our Civilization—the Home, the Church, the School and the Government.

*Therefore*, the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association pledges itself anew to the promotion of Better Citizenship—

1. *By bringing* to the People Lectures, Plays, Concerts and Entertainments that Recreate, Inspire, Teach and Lead the People in maintaining Better Homes, Better Churches, Better Schools, Better Communities and Better Government;

It was consensus of opinion that there is no greater force than better music. It was brought out in the many fine papers and talks just what a great part music is playing in broadening our intellectual horizon and creating a better and more wholesome place in which to live.

We, of the Chautauqua and Lyceum are proud of the place this institution has had in helping to bring these better things to the small communities that otherwise would never have been able to enjoy them. Every



Clay Smith

man who has helped to bring the better things to his town has, in so doing, done his bit for his community and humanity.

Every good citizen of any community should take interest in the development of that community. It used to be frequently said in smaller towns, that it is the business of a good citizen to mind his own business, keep out of debt, and avoid breaking laws. It was generally thought if he did that, it was about all that could be expected of him, and that in so doing, he was conforming to the ideals of good citizenship.

The idea that a man has no work to do for the community is a false idea. Every

man and woman should give a portion of his or her time to community service. The community has a right to expect this service, and it should be given freely by everyone.

If a community is to be developed, if the things worth while are to be sustained and maintained, if it is to have a real growth, it will take the united efforts of its citizenship. Communities are not built by narrow minded people but by those who are willing and anxious to give a portion of their time and their means not only for their own benefit, but for the benefit of their neighbors and friends as well. It is strange indeed that there are some people in every community who on account of business interests and social standing would be expected to be leaders in community developments, who actually do nothing at all along that line. When you find a city, a town or a community with a united people working for its progress and development, you will find a growing town, you will find a place that is attracting the attention of the people, because of its progress along right lines.

In every city, town or community some people must take hold and carry on the work of churches and fraternal societies; in fact, the whole populace of any city, town or community should be interested in things of this character. There is work to be done in clubs, for educational purposes and for more interesting social activities. There is work for Chamber of Commerce and business men's organizations. There is something that each one should do, and we must all take hold and do something in these public lines if we expect our city, town or community to keep up with the game.

The Lyceum and Chautauqua has carried the message of good music into the highways and byways of our Western Hemisphere and also the Antipodes. Men have lost fortunes in some of these earlier ventures, but some one has always picked up the fallen banner and carried on.

It is interesting to note the progress of music in the path of this institution. The Concert Bands have planted the seed for home bands and schools bands throughout the land. Even Symphony Orchestras and Civic Opera Associations have sprung up in second line cities.

We must not forget to give due credit to our dear friend, the grand old Bandmaster, George Landis of Clarinda, Iowa, in whose brain the Iowa Band law was first conceived. Sixteen states have already adopted this law, and several more are contemplating following the lead of their sister states.



This demonstrates quite clearly that the cause of music in America is indeed advancing rapidly, and should be given new energy to the efforts of those who are backing band tax laws in states which are now without them. This law provides that cities may levy a tax for the purpose of establishing and maintaining municipal bands, or for paying some existing band to furnish concerts. This tax can be levied only after it has been authorized by vote of the citizens, and the question is submitted for vote upon petition of a certain per cent of the qualified voters of the city or town. Provision is made for repeal of the tax in similar fashion.

\* \* \*

The important virtue of a band tax law is that it distributes the expense evenly and impartially—everyone enjoys the music, and everyone one pays his share. The large number of contributors makes the cost for each one exceedingly small. In Long Beach, California for instance, they have band concerts every day but Monday, except for a two-week vacation period in the spring, and it costs the citizens, even with the unusually number of performances, only about 85 cents each per year. In Clarinda, Iowa, where the band tax idea was born, the cost is about 35 cents per capita, which

expenditures pay for about fifty public concerts, presented throughout the year.

Great heads of industries are more and more realizing the power of music. Some time ago the writer spent Sunday in Norfolk, Virginia. This town boasts a Symphony orchestra. I was interested in an extract from a letter which was printed on the back of a program. This letter was written by one of the hardest headed and most successful business man I know of. It strikingly shows what a great man who has founded railroads, even spanning the sea, thinks about music.

This extract was from a letter written by Harry Harkness Flagler to Walter Damrosch of the New York Symphony, and he says in part:

"Indeed I am not over-modest about my gift to the Symphony Society. It is not that, but what I am doing is so little in comparison with what the *real* makers of music, creators, and interpreters like yourself do for the betterment of the world through their part, that it doesn't deserve to be thought of. I *am* proud and happy in the thought that I may be the means of helping you to put before the world your ideas in regard to the interpretations of the masters and to bring the God-given art of music to many who would not otherwise

have its uplifting and consoling power, and that is what we are doing together. You shall be free as never before to work out your own ideas unfettered by thoughts of financial necessities."

Such a tribute to orchestral music from a man of affairs should strengthen the convictions of those who are interested in the promotion of good music in its best form.

President Coolidge recently stated: "Music is the art directly representative of democracy. If the best music is brought to the people there need be no fear about their ability to appreciate it."

So you see, the Better Citizenship Movement is tied up strongly with the better music crusade, for undoubtedly music is one of the world's very greatest educational and cultural forces. It helps to make better citizens. It is a distinct aid to any community. Why, then, should not every municipality support the cause of music in a real way—both morally and *financially*? It has become an indispensable factor in every phase of cultural life. Its value to little children, as an aid to efficiency, a source of pleasure, a balm of peace to the weary and the heavy laden, has inspired the praise of great minds of all times. And, we, as a nation are just getting started—watch us grow.

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## FAME

## I

Fame! You pass as a warm breath, on  
A frosty morning.  
You are as a gaudy maiden, luring  
To a snare.  
You are the disease of hot blood;  
Flowers on your summits crumple  
Into ash heaps,  
The fruit of your hard labor  
Juices for dragons' teeth.  
Mirage, that foolish men follow  
To find their ends thwarted,  
Yet withal, the consuming desire  
Of minds, that are undimmed  
And unafraid.

## II

Ah! if you would flaunt the name  
Accept the prevalence of frustration  
With scorn, and mock discretion,  
Be the son of mystery,  
Go with the crest of the wave,  
Surge forward where dangers lie,  
And untried tempests prevail.

JOHN PRICE

## "What Is the Source of Real Genius"

*Continued from page 442*

that she can (musically) help them to voice their inner emotions.

Be that as it may—or may not—she has written a charming song and by this melodic achievement she has added another laurel wreath to the chaplet she has been fashioning and which we predict she will wear most gracefully.

## Affairs and Folks

*Continued from page 450*

birds. The professor had been stabbed and crucified. Who had done the awful deed? Clue after clue is followed by the detective sleuths until finally one of them comes upon a blood stain and charred arrowhead which lead to the solution of the mystery. Altogether the yarn is well worth reading.

"The Murder at Fleet" is published by the well-known firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Clifford Gordon.

## If You Ever Glide Through the Everglades

*Continued from page 464*

and then back across the Venetian causeway and on through the city to Biscayne Bay Park, gaily decorated in honor of the coming visit of the "nobles." Miami, in fact, was just one decoration after another—mostly exterior, although interior decorations were a-plenty.

In the evening a grand celebration was held at Biscayne Bay Park—more welcoming addresses, more music, more dancing, more expressions of goodwill, more manifestations of hospitality.

And thus endeth the true story of the opening of the Tamiami Trail—the big highway known as "Florida's Main Street."



## Telephone service, a public trust

*An Advertisement of the  
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



THE widespread ownership of the Bell Telephone System places an obligation on its management to guard the savings of its hundreds of thousands of stockholders.

Its responsibility for so large a part of the country's telephone service imposes an obligation that the service shall always be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.

The only sound policy that will meet these obligations is to continue to furnish the best possible service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety.

There is then in the Bell System no

incentive to earn speculative or large profits. Earnings must be sufficient to assure the best possible service and the financial integrity of the business. Anything in excess of these requirements goes toward extending the service or keeping down the rates.

This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

The Bell System's ideal is the same as that of the public it serves—the most telephone service and the best, at the least cost to the user. It accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

## A New Idea In the Education of Women

*Continued from page 444*

cient and happy. The lines of work which have the best future are considered as well as the general economic conditions of the country as a whole.

*Accounting.* Teaching students the fundamentals of bookkeeping so they may later open their own books or supervise them. Many people entering business alone or with others, without a knowledge of bookkeeping, have been ruined because of this lack of knowledge. This division should so fortify students that they may readily and correctly analyze balance sheets, earnings statements and other financial reports used by business concerns. Students are actually taught how to open and operate a set of books.

## Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*Continued from page 461*

Mrs. Keyes was educated in private schools of Boston, later in Switzerland and Berlin to which has been added an LL.D. from George Washington University. Her broad culture and scholastic training with extensive travel gives a note of authority in what she records. Interested in the work of the Civic Federation and with ancestral background admitting her to the militant activities of the D. A. R., Colonial Dames and Chapter of the American Revolution, she cannot be called a hermit author. "The Career of David Noble" is the title of one of her books that reveals her thoroughness and love of the labor that goes with popular authorship.



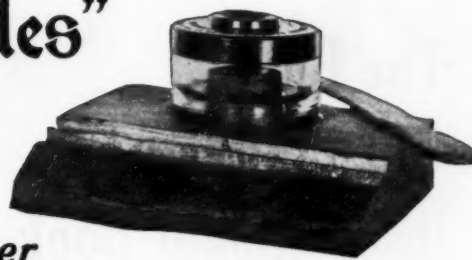


ASH TRAY, cast from copper sheathing taken from the Constitution. 1 in. deep, 4½ in. diameter. Price, \$5.00.

# "Old Ironsides"

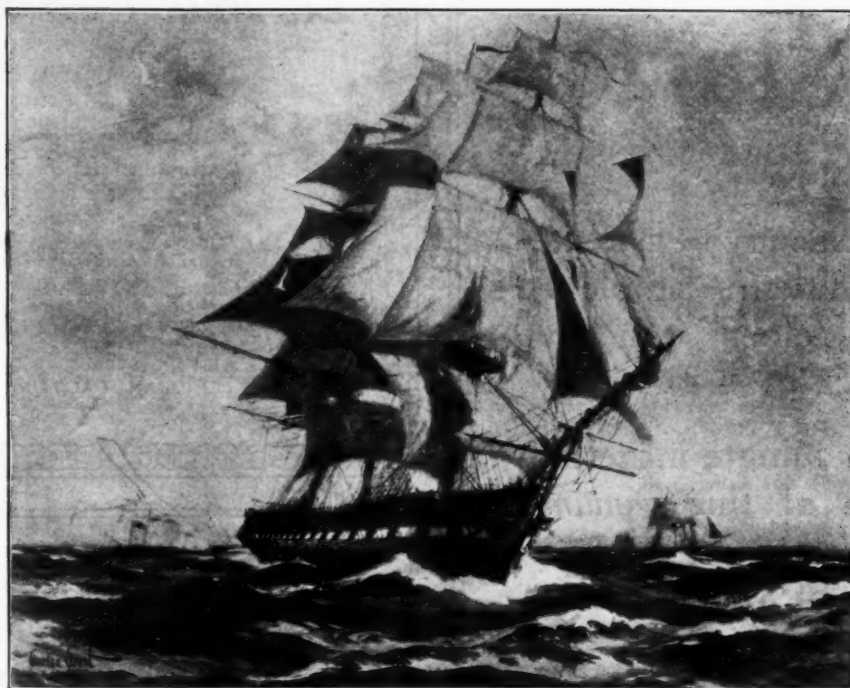
saved the  
Nation

*Now let us save her*



INK STAND, from original live oak timbers. 7 in. long, 6 in. deep, 1½ in. thick. Self-closing inkwell with paper knife. Price \$15.00.

*The bolts  
that fastened her  
timbers were  
made by  
Paul Revere  
in  
Boston*



*Her first flags  
and signals were  
made by  
Betsy Ross  
in  
Philadelphia*

This is a miniature reproduction of the official painting by Gordon Grant, America's foremost marine artist. Copies of this picture, in full colors, size 18¼ in. by 22¼ in., are being sold at 50 cents each.



BOOK ENDS, cast from copper sheathing and filled with lead from magazine lining. All material from the Constitution. 6 in. high, 5 in. wide. Price, \$10.00.

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Boston, Massachusetts

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## "Through the Fog"

By DR. F. P. MILLARD

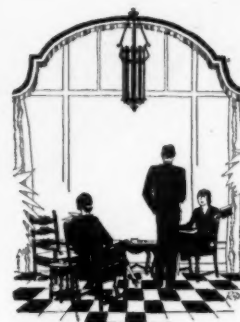
"Through the Fog" is the latest and probably the most popular of the seven books written by Dr. F. P. Millard. It is not a book you will read once and lay aside, but one you will read three or four times, and even after that, use as a reference book. It is full of modern philosophy and psychology for the layman.

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"And Ken  
wants to come  
as much as I do"

KEN is a good soul—he says we're coming down again next month! Isn't that splendid? This is such a lovely place; our own home could hardly be more comfortable. And the guests are so pleasant and friendly. Most of them seem to come every year. . . . We went visiting today—in the hotel kitchens! My first trip behind the scenes. It's terribly interesting to see how this big place works. Clean! That kitchen was spotless! Ken has spoken several times about the excellent meals they serve here. But after seeing these beautiful kitchens, I don't see how the food could help being delicious.

Further information about Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is interestingly given in booklet form. We would be glad to mail you a copy.

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